

ZION'S HERALD.

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ZION'S HERALD.

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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
30 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

Sweet Spring, come forth from the south;
April, fling down your showers;
Dear robin, open your musical mouth,
And wake the sleeping flowers!

I'm tired of the cold, white snow;
Of the hills so bare and bleak;
I long to feel the sweet winds blow
So softly o'er my cheek.

I'm tired of the beating rain;
Of the blast that's never still;
I sigh for the springing grass again,
And the song of the happy rill.

I weary when'er I view
The dark and angry skies;
I long to behold the beautiful blue,
With clouds of rose-hued dyes.

The trill of the glad blue-bird,
With buds on the lilac tree,
Would be as music to my ear,
And a pleasant sight to me.

The breath of the violet sweet,
The tender blue of its eye,
The touch of grass to my weary feet,
And the zephyr's whispered sigh.

Would thrill me through and through,
With a joy so rich and deep,
That I'd never once think of winds that
blew,
Or storms that moan and weep.

I'm thinking ever of death,
And the cold and silent tomb,
When I feel the north wind's icy breath,
And view the sky's deep gloom.

I'm thinking ever of grief,
Of loving ones laid low,
As I watch the fading of the leaf,
And the falling of the snow.

'Tis well to think of the change
That cometh to one and all;
And of the shadow, so dark and strange,
That on each brow must fall.

But sweeter to think of the time,
When springing above the sod,
We'll blossom anew in that fairer clime—
The fragrant gardens of God.

Then come, sweet Spring, from the south;
April, fling down your showers;
Sweet robin, open your musical mouth,
And wake the dreaming flowers!

Delaware, 1877.

LAST LOOK AT LIBERIA.

OUR MISSIONARY GRAVES.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

We are off the African coast, and shall, probably, soon be off the African ship. The steamer Ethiopia recalls the name, her trip up and down the coast recalls the fact, that we are still in the atmosphere of Africa, though we are lying off Grand Canaries, and are soon to be plunging our way to Tenerife. A last glimpse from this deck on that now distant spot may not be an uninteresting close to our journey. Where can we better close a description of a journey than at the close of the journey itself? And where does the journey itself close so fittingly as where all journeys inevitably terminate—the grave?

The first thought when we sighted Cape Mesurado, was the last thought when we lost sight of it—our missionary graves. How had we been thrilled when a boy by the dying words of Cox? How had we been excited when, in response to that cry, the preacher on our own little and poor circuit had offered himself as his successor? That preacher had already won much local fame by a historical sermon on the town—one of the first and best of its published annals; and by such a vigorous crusade against the rum-sellers as to give a sobriety to one in the traffic that never deserted him. He was a man of mark in that little community—of more mark than all of his predecessors and all but a few of his successors. He was a young man evidently of much promise, and already of no little fulfillment.

His wife, too, was a centre of her own, daughter of one of our most distinguished ministers, sister of one who was to be even more distinguished. She had a fame of her own, separate, and, in general Church position, superior to her husband's. This two-fold fame attracted no little attention to the first to hear and answer the call of Cox. Their nearness to our home drew no little attention to them and to their cause, from that home Church and circle. Their departure was a famous event in that Church and circle. It was almost the first, certainly the second, of those meetings since held so widely and powerfully, where by the missionary going greatly stimulates the Church staying. If our Missionary society would follow the Wesleyans and have these departures at different places, they would revive their power. By confining them to New York and Boston they render them powerless. Hold them all over the Church, at smaller as well as larger centres—at Buffalo and Harrisburg, at Springfield and Portland; at the liberal Churches, often single, and in small towns, rewarding them for their liberality, as held at a little village out

of Liverpool; Churches like that of Florence Street, or Malden, or Ilion, or New Albany, or wherever they have earned this reward by their extra zeal in this cause: The parting meeting at Lynn when Bro's Thoburn, Waugh, Parker and Downes left, has never failed to influence the liberality of that ancient Church. Multiply the interest of these occasions by distribution. There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and missionary departure meetings are of that sort.

The African cause when these men left, was at its height of zeal. Every Eastern Church was full of enthusiasm. The fire kindled by Cox illumined every altar. It was an opening of the new era of American Methodism, when she not only looked at her own immense land, but despite her poverty and her calls at home, went out into all the world. She started at the lowest end. To the basest of kingdoms and the most dangerous of climates she first turned her eyes and feet. She took the lowest seat at the missionary table. She began at the bottom, to build up her extra-American Church. From that hour she has advanced up the board, over the world into the centres of Europe and Asia, while every continent now has her Conferences, and every clime her clergy. These graves, then, are more than graves; they are seed-germs of the mighty harvest already waving on many a national and every continental field, certain to bring forth yet greater harvests in the fast-fading future.

Shall we visit these seed-germs? How much I desired to do it. The last day in Boston I met the venerable brother of our first missionary, especially honored for his long and able ministerial service, and asked him if he had any message for Liberia. The pressure of his hand, the wet eye, and the silent lip, told how over forty years of separation had not weakened the ardor of his affection. To see that grave, was my first purpose, outside of official duties.

When we landed that first beautiful Sabbath morning, and reached the top of the bluff, the first question asked was, "Where is the cemetery?" Not a very gleeful question, and suggestive of our own fears for ourselves rather than of our reverence. Its location was pointed out, across a valley on an upland towards and near the southern side of the Cape. We could see the rise of land and the sea beyond, but could not see the cemetery. "How far is it there?" "A half mile." Too far for us to venture to walk, in that untired sun. The ten days there offered no opportunity. Once we had arranged to go, but a morning preaching seemed to require us to stop at the church. The rest of the party went, and returned so exhausted with the walk, that a new fear was induced against venturing on the visit. In the middle of a hot day, Dr. Pinney, the former governor, and a leading Presbyterian clergyman, offered to go with me. He had come out with Cox, and also with Wright, knew them both well. It was very desirable to go thither with such a guide. But our hostess, Mrs. President Roberts, forbade it. Her nephew, the doctor, said he would not walk there at that time of day for five dollars; and he was born here, but had been in the States the last five years, and needed to be careful as to risks of that sort. The ex-governor laughed at such carelessness, but he had had the fever and so despised the fever. He did not despise it when he had it. The warnings prevailed, and that visit failed. No other chance offered. Conference and Sunday were too crowded to admit of the short half hour's walk. Yet not once, probably, that we passed the head of the street which led thither, and we passed it several times every day, did we fail to look to that white, sandy rise in the road and think of those who slept there, and long, yet fear, to go and see them. The fear was only a portion of that cloud of fear which hung over the whole visit, a cloud that grew denser as you approached the region itself. Strange as it may appear, there was more anxiety here than at home. The cloud was blackest at its centre. The thought that twenty-four hours might give one an involuntary trip thither, accompanied to the end of the journey. At Cape Palmas we were cheered with such hopeful remarks as these: "Where you sit now, Rev. Mr. Smith, when going down the coast, looking as well as you do. We went to meet the ship's boat on its return and the surgeon told us he was dead!" Similar remarks from other parties were not especially encouraging. Perhaps, therefore, there was a shrinking from visiting this sacred spot, as being too sharp a *memento mori*. We did not need such mementos.

Still we did not like to say that we had left Monrovia and not seen these sacred resting-places. After Conference there will surely be a chance. But the day after Conference we went

up the St. Paul's, our first excursion or incursion into the country. We had hoped to get back in season to visit the cemetery, but we did not arrive till sunset. Dark rushes, with sunset, like Apollo. He came like night—a tropical night. We were too much frightened by that adventure, and by the swift coming on of the darkness, and by the fact that the ship's boat had left, and the bar was showing its white teeth at us, glistening in the growing dark, as if saying, "We've got you now. The captain's gone, and his kroomen, and we'll have you now, sure!" We were in no state to climb the hill and go a half mile farther out in the fast growing darkness, merely on a visit of sympathy. Reluctantly we surrendered our first wish, and bade adieu to Monrovia without seeing the graves of Cox and Wright.

The next morning, as we slowly sailed past the surf which beat the shore, and moaned and dashed its swirling hands together in the white foam of the spray, we looked across their wet, white clouds to the hill beyond, and thought of the sleepers, and regretted still more the failure to have seen their long home.

Is it too late? One chance remains—a very, very slight one. If we return this way, which is doubtful; if we survive to return, which is not so very doubtful; if the steamer upon which we, surviving, return, shall stop at Monrovia, which is somewhat doubtful, as all do not stop here; if that steamer does not arrive and leave between sunset and sunrise, which is not certain; and if, at last, should it come in proper hours, it will wait long enough, which is far from likely to be the case; then, if all these ifs be out-fud, we may yet visit the cemetery, and stand by the graves of these holy ones.

The first three ifs were out-fud. We did return alive, on a steamer which called at Monrovia. But the block came at the fourth "if." The steamer arrived at midnight. The captain said he should send off a boat for the mail, and if there was not cargo enough to wait over till Monday, he should go on immediately, as it was Saturday night.

There was a break-down, at a vital point. He afterwards consented to stay till morning, and said he would send his boat ashore at five o'clock. "Will you have me called?" "I will." "At what hour?" "At four o'clock." "All right." I turned in. At twelve we anchored. At one a boat was sent off. It brought back the mail, and ascertained there was only a light cargo, not enough to pay for waiting. The steamer was ready to leave at two. The visit was "gone up."

I was awakened by a rush into my room of the purser, with another officer, seeking a "bush cat," a wild, half-tigerish creature, which had gotten out of his office, and was flying terrified around the ship. It had fled first to Bishop Crowther's room, then across the saloon to mine. I was as frightened as the frightened creature, which he was likely to be in those narrow quarters. It got away, however, from the horns of the altar which she had fled for protection—two horns, and at opposite ends of the ecclesiastical altar. I heard it flying overhead along the deck, whence it plunged into the sea, and swam for shore. This start and stir and flight made me awake enough to hear the other news. "Boat been and come. Mail on board. Here is yours. No cargo. Off." "But the captain said he would go ashore at five." I am out at his door quickly. "Will you send ashore again as you agreed?" "Yes." "At five?" "At five."

I turn in, and try to sleep. It doesn't amount to much. I shall be permitted yet to make the desired visit. I am out at four, and ready before the boat is to make the trip. It is far too early, but I have become seasoned, or careless, by more than forty days' experience. I am on my way from the coast. I am willing to take the risk. I shall see what I first and chiefly wished to see, the missionary graves.

JESTING WITH HOLY THINGS.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

Cheerfulness, if not a Christian grace, is a most desirable quality of the mind and a beautiful ornament to character. It is a spring of perennial pleasure to its possessor, and a source of delightful freshness to the social circle in which he moves.

Nearly allied in appearance to this quality is lightness—a temper of mind which "treats everything lightly, be it ever so serious." But this alliance is in appearance only. Intrinsically, they are related as the genuine coin is to its base counterfeit. Cheerfulness is a precious virtue; lightness is a mischievous vice. The former is the modest bloom of a mind at peace with God, with it-

self, with its associates, and with its circumstances. The latter is the froth of an empty mind thoughtlessly sporting with the gravest questions of life. The former, flowing, as it does, from a firm trust in the love of the indwelling Spirit, smiles sweetly even when the tempest roars and the waters rage; the latter excludes all serious thought, and dances and laughs on the brink of a volcano, the smoke and mutterings of which it refuses to heed.

There are few things more painful to a spiritually sensitive man than to hear light-minded people treat serious things with lightness. As a pure-minded maiden shrinks with wounded feelings from jesting words spoken against the mother she loves, so does the truly religious man shrink from laughter-provoking jests pointed at Scripture facts, or framed from Scripture texts put into ridiculous associations. They hurt him, and are as poisoned arrows to him, wounding him and leaving their poison behind.

We may illustrate this latter effect of lightly jesting with Scripture texts, by calling to the recollection of our elder readers a certain quatrain, sung some thirty years since at the concerts of a band of singers then and since very deservedly popular. This quatrain was a jest upon one of the most solemnly beautiful texts in Holy Writ—namely, "All flesh is grass." It represented a horse biting his clerical master because it had heard him quote these words. The jest itself is of a very low order of wit, but it was so comically sung, that immense audiences were convulsed with laughter on hearing it—for the first time. We venture the assertion that thousands of Christians who joined in the general merriment carried away that metrical sticking to their memories like a burr to the dress, and that for years it spoiled the beauty of the associated Scripture. Personally, we aver that even to-day we can neither read it, nor hear it read, without the recurrence of a temptation to laugh.

There is an example of the lightness which vulgarizes a lofty subject by low associations, in the April number of the *Atlantic*. A writer in the "contributors' club," speaking of the popular admiration for robustness, describes Weston, the pedestrian, as finishing his five hundred miles' walk on a Saturday night. Then says the contributor, "He mentioned that he would attend divine service the next day, and sent to the chorister a request to have the hymn sung: 'Nearer my God to thee!' *five hundred miles nearer* than all the rest of us. Truly, there is something spiritual in gymnastics." Possibly there may be. But we submit that this light treatment of an aspiration which in itself is the sublimest that can move the human heart, is unworthy of a literary magazine. If Weston was weak enough to utter so sorry a joke, the *Atlantic* ought not to be so clownish enough to give it point. We expect it, at least, to treat serious things with becoming seriousness.

But worse than the *Atlantic*, is a bit of doggerel, lately printed in a religious journal which shall be nameless in this article. In this vulgar composition, the Saviour is described as standing at the grave of Lazarus where "He paid, in resurrection coin, the sisters for His board!" And again, giving a reason why the sheet filled with all sorts of animals, was shown to Peter in his celebrated vision at Joppa, it assures the world that Simon's wife while "hard at work upon a bill of fare," found that "her stove, it seems, was't good to draw, or else the wood was wet!" Besides this inanity, the grand miracle of the feeding of the hungry multitude is described "a time, . . . when break-up of a chunk of bread would make a whole loaf grow."

Truly this is lighter than froth. Its vulgarity is offensive to good taste. Its association of grand and sacred facts with low ideas and rude phrases, is revolting to Christian feeling. The influence of such writing is to degrade our most holy things, and unfit the mind to be profited by their graver treatment from the pulpit. Surely, we have a right to demand better things from the religious press.

This light treatment of serious things too often enters into social life. In some circles the conversation is principally made up of jesting repartees and lively stories. Witlings make the hours jocular. Merriment drives out seriousness, and laughter grows rude and noisy. Precisely how far such relaxation may be innocently permitted depends largely, we suppose, on the individual conscience. Laughter is certainly not a sin. With Cowper we may ask,

"Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?
The fixed fee-simple of the vain and light?"
But when it passes the boundary of innocence we do not pretend to determine. The shadow of condemnation creeps over the conscience when that line is passed, and happy is he who heeds its first shade. Happier still is he who bridges both lip and laughter before the shadow falls.

There is one fact certain, however,

That conversation which jests with holy things, is wrong, is injurious both to the jester and the hearer. It is the offspring of a light and frivolous mind which is not deeply penetrated and entirely governed by the truths it degrades. No sane man can trifle with what to him is a dread reality involving his most cherished interests. None but idiots or maniacs sport with flaming brands in a burning house. Much less can really earnest men find food for sport and laughter in the stupendous truths of the Bible. On the contrary,

"A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids but never grieves the sight;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
It's always active on the side of truth;
Temperance and peace ensure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date."

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

Mr. Editor: I have just returned from visiting our flourishing and interesting work in Miraflores and Amecameca. But as I have before written you of the former place, I will confine myself now to Amecameca. It has been, without doubt, one of the most fanatical and superstitious centres in all this country. In fact, this is Mexico's "holy city," to which thousands of poor souls annually make their weary pilgrimages—the penances for grave sins. And hence, before speaking of our work, I want to say a few words about

EL SACRO MONTE.

the holy mount, which rises about one thousand feet above the city just at its very entrance. Its "sacredness" comes down from the time of the Spaniards, three centuries ago, at which time some "saint" was sent all the way from Rome, coming through the bowels of the earth, and made his appearance at the top of this mountain, where he explained to a few privileged ones how he had been commissioned to select that place as a shrine for their holy relics—the goal of thousands and thousands of sin-laden souls in all future time. After giving directions about cutting the road up the mountain and building the chapel, he disappeared, returning to Rome by the same way.

His directions have been fully carried out, and more modern superstition has added several improvements to the original orders. The road by which the penitent ascends, on hands and knees, is divided off into spaces of about a hundred yards each, by thirteen little shrines—resting places for weary souls. A meditation and prayer are carried on each. No. 12 says: "Here consider, O soul, how Joseph and Nicodemus, taking down the body of Jesus from the cross, delivered it to the ever-blessed Mary," then follows the prayer: "O Mary, most holy mother of God, have mercy upon us!" but enough; it seems blasphemy to write more.

After meditating and praying the weariness passes away; and though they may have been an hour or more, with lacerated knees, climbing to that spot, their devotions completely rest them and they declare themselves as fresh for the remainder of the journey as when they first started from below. In testimony of this marvelous answer to their prayers from Mary, they tear a little strip from their garment, or a lock of hair from the head, to hang upon the bushes growing at the side. Sometimes a little cross of sticks is added.

We continue our ascent. Just before turning around the corner of the little church, we were shown a hole running down deep into the earth, out of which the "saint" came, and by which he returned to Rome. For more than three hundred years it has remained open, though modern masonry has contributed not a little to this fact. It is here, also, that the "faithful" believe they can hear the music of the great organ of St. Peter's, in Rome, as it is played at fixed hours of the day. It is, however, somewhat amusing that they forget to allow for the difference of time between Rome and central Mexico.

Finally, near the summit, we reach the holy chapel which the weary devotee enters with such awe, to find—not his Saviour; not that divine One who so tenderly spake to the outcast leper, dying in his misery, "I will be thou clean;" nor He, who, in infinite compassion opened up a world of beauty and joy to blind Bartimeus; not that loving Redeemer, who, with outstretched arms, ever cries to a world of poor, distracted sinners, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" No, they only find, as the object of their devotions, dumb images and pictures, the work of men's hands. Thus while many of these burdened souls may be honestly and earnestly "breathing after God," their "blind leaders" are turning them in other directions, and "both shall fall into the ditch."

But not all. Some are being rescued and lead to the Way and to the Light. The man who conducted our little party, on this occasion, was once the au-

thorized vender of holy relics, rosaries, ribbons, pictures of the saints, etc., at this very door, but is now a Methodist steward. And this leads us to speak directly of

WHAT GOD HAS WROUGHT.

in a very short time, among this superstitious people. It is only fifteen months ago that we first visited this place. The only person we knew there, at that time, was a humble farmer, who had visited us in Mexico, and told us that he had owned a Bible for many years. He and several of his friends had learned to read and love it; but they were anxious to have some one to preach to them, and establish the means of grace among them. At the earliest opportunity we visited them, and found four or five families who, having previously counted the cost, were ready and anxious to unite in forming a congregation. For a while the native preacher went over from Miraflores every other Sabbath. As the interest grew it became necessary, about a year since, to give them additional religious opportunities. This involved sending a man to live among them. And truly this work has been of God, and the results are really wonderful.

The little handful of trembling Christians has grown to be a fine congregation, overflowing our little chapel; so that a second congregation has of necessity been organized, at the east side of the town. The service at this last named place the afternoon that we arrived, was attended by seventy-five people, twelve of whom, after a probation of several months, were receiving as the first members of Rosario M. E. Church. The evening service at the Ameca chapel was still more marvelous. When we fitted up this place of worship to accommodate two hundred people, we all said it would be plenty large enough for several years to come; but on this occasion it was found to be far too small for the people that came—some fifty being unable to gain admission. But they gathered around the doors and window, and all remained quiet and attentive to the close of a long service, consisting of preaching, baptism of children, and reception of thirty-one members.

But there is a still more powerful testimony, concerning the progress of the work than all this. The sister of the writer had accompanied him to try and do a little work among the women. So we invited all of them to a special service the next morning, and great indeed, was our surprise to greet a congregation of seventy women and girls! A most significant fact is this for a Roman Catholic country. Surely all "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

But I cannot close, though I fear that I am already lengthy, without expressing the firm conviction that such results might be obtained in three or four towns, on my circuit, within the next twelve months, if God's people would only give means to send out the laborers. We have reliable information from three different places that "are white already to harvest." In some places they are begging us to come, ere they perish for lack of knowledge. But how can we go except we be sent?

We know, also, that our brethren in Puebla, Pachaca and Guanajuato are equally burdened for souls whom they might reach and save had they the means.

JOHN W. BUTLER.
Mexico City, March 24, 1877.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

The appointments—and disappointments—for this section of the vineyard are all made, and the preachers are settling themselves in their new homes. It will surprise the members of the congregations to find some of the changes made, more than it does the ministers who have been for a week on the ground of the Conference. The latter have, in all probability, been made acquainted with the difficulties in the case, and are ready to acquiesce in the conclusion arrived at; and if the former wince a little, it may be the preachers themselves are to blame. On the Sunday evening before Conference, we visited a little church in the suburbs, and were surprised to hear the minister announce that he was going away for a week or two, but should return to them the coming year. His congregation may justly wonder a little at his transfer to another charge. Nevertheless, he is going, and they are left to muse on the mutability of all earthly things, and of Methodist preachers in particular. Seriously, it must be no joke to be a Bishop, nor do we wonder at the feeling of responsibility that evidently weighs so heavily upon them.

Among the changes are some that involve a removal to another denomination. Of these the most prominent are Mr. Lloyd to the Reformed Church, and Mr. Haynes to the Baptist. Both have been so heartily welcomed that it would seem the Methodist sea contains as good fish as ever were caught, and both have been called to large Churches, and corresponding salaries. Let any of the brethren who remain should find themselves tempted beyond what they are able to bear, it may be well to recollect that but very few of those who have left us have not regretted the step, and nearly all would be glad to return to the old home.

In the case of Mr. Lloyd, it is, of course, more a matter of Church government and permanent pastorate, than anything else, and we leave him to consult his taste. But with

Mr. Haynes the case is so different that we feel free to comment upon it. This gentleman throws in the matter of itinerancy, but the whole weight of his going rests upon a radical change in his views on baptism. Nay, he does not stop there. Not only is he immersed, thereby confessing that he was never baptized, but he submits to re-ordination (if the morning's reports are true), and so discredits his whole Christian ministry heretofore. He was put through a searching catechism upon all Christian doctrine, and, as we are told, gave an excellent exegesis of the Greek word translated "baptize," which, as he took the purely Baptist view, was received with applause.

Now we can readily understand that if Mr. Haynes had been a mere novice in theology, to whom the Greek language had hitherto been a sealed book, and upon whose broken vision the new light had suddenly shined, there would be abundant excuse for his course. But there has been no change in the word, or its meaning, since he was at Middle-town, nor has the position of the Methodist Church altered since he passed his Conference examinations, upon which he was admitted and judged fit for his former ordination. Perhaps his next "excellent exegesis" may be upon the word "tear-germination," which, under the circumstances, ought to afford him a fair field for operation. Dr. Fulton, whom your readers know well, and Tremont Temple better, turned prophet on the occasion, and predicted that Mr. Haynes is but the advance picket of a host of Methodists, and other preachers, who are flocking to the Baptist fold. It is hard, of course, but it is possible we may be able to stand the loss; and if any more are going, we shall be glad if they will hurry up. We do not want our children baptized by any such half-hearted disciples of the system that recognizes sprinkling as a fulfillment of the ordinance, and brings our children under the covenant.

Looking at the coming year, it is a subject of earnest inquiry, "How shall we command success?" Of course, we speak humbly, and have no intention of eliminating the divine influence. Still it remains for us to use the best means in our power, and trust Him for the result. We need not say there must be plain, earnest preaching; on that all are agreed. But we may add to that, as an absolute necessity, a closer attention to pastoral work. It has so happened that, listening to the silly vapors of the secular press, bred out of the great Brooklyn scandal, our ministers, as a rule, have strangely neglected this great weapon. And we are not sure but that the decadence in cities, over which so much talk and lamentation have been made, is due to this very thing. Let us take an example, right to the point, as to how the opposite works.

A Church in the suburbs, a little over six years ago, was torn by internal strife, till it looked as if the whole concern would go by the board. There was sent to it one of the Conference's most judicious ministers, and the breach was happily healed; a few years irreconcilable, not more than a dozen in all, seeking accommodation elsewhere. As a preacher the new-comer was far above the average; his sermons were logical and concise, and his Christianity zealous and hearty. Added to this was a man of scholarly attainments, and a welcome visitor wherever he went. But he had an unconquerable aversion to pastoral visiting, and although he remained the full term of three years, he last saw a reduction of his salary, and both the congregation and he were not sorry when the time came to part. He left a church full of empty seats.

There was appointed to this charge a brother, whose attainments were not to be named in the same breath. He was rough, outside and in, and his preaching fell far below mediocrity. But he was what is called, in these parts, "a worker," and he took hold with a will. He was found of ten at the grocery store and the butcher shop, than refinement would call for; yet, although those visits might perhaps have been omitted, he carried his Christianity along with him. At the houses of his members he was a frequent and welcome visitor, and he soon knew every man, woman and child in his Church by name. As for studying, we never heard that he made any pretence of doing it. And now mark the result!

He has just finished his three years' work. At a morning service held few Sundays ago, the trustees asked for \$1,200, and, although there is not a rich man in the charge, they gave them \$1,500 without a murmur. The Church, which has been thronged during his ministry, has been repainted and recarpeted; and it passes into the hands of his successor with its floor gleaming and walls wiped out. There is nothing to hinder his winning the campaign at once. Such a record speaks louder than words, and we leave our ministerial readers to make the application.

CLARKE.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Now that is what that thief did. Just look at him. In the morning condemned, in the evening in paradise with God; in the morning cursing, in the evening singing hallelujahs to God; in the morning in company with thieves, in the evening in company with God; in the morning with his hands dripping with his fellow-creature's blood; in the evening drenched with the saving blood of the Lamb. Arm and arm with Christ he walked down the crystal pavement of heaven. He asked for mercy, and he got it. If you ask for it, you can have it now. Will you be debt and undelivered thief, or will you accept His gift as did the other thief, and not let prejudice keep you from Christ? A prominent man said yesterday, going out of the city, that "rather than be converted in the Tabernacle he would go down to hell with full sail and colors all flying." Well, if you would rather be lost you can. Choose this day which you will serve, God or the devil. Which side will you be on? Will you take your side by that repentant thief, or by the other? Will you take Christ as your Saviour, as your Redeemer, or will you reject Him to-night? May God bring hundreds to a decision, and now.—D. L. Moody.

The more you enjoy the smiles of God, the more you will shine in the eyes of those saints who judge of the trees of righteousness by their fruits.

SAYONAROLA, 1498.

As on some noble mountain height I stand
And see the promise of a golden day,
While still the vales below are cold and gray,
And night hangs brooding o'er a sleeping land:

I, conscious of the glory near at hand,
With burning eyes, exultant, stay and stay
To catch the first glimpse of the godlike ray
Ere down the mount it leaps with progress grand.

Oh, wake, ye dormant nations, wake, awake!
Behold the sun of Truth is risen on high!
Out from the bonds of superstition break,
And claim the splendid prize of liberty!
Forget the dead past for the future's sake:
Where falls, where falls the tree there let it lie!

—N. E. Journal of Education.

"THE HOLY ONES."

BY REV. IRA G. BIDEWELL.

Another book upon the subject of Holiness! Who does not feel curiosity and unpleasant shrinking whenever the so-called subject of Christian Holiness is named? Good, pious people find much difficulty in understanding each other upon this theme. If they come at it from the standpoint of metaphysics, or Greek roots, or theological text-books, the more they assert and syllogize, the wider apart they separate. The more they argue, the more harsh and confused they become in style and expression. And yet, if you could look beneath these clashing debates, and bring these clashing debaters to speak to each other of God as Father, of Christ as Saviour, of the Holy Ghost as Sanctifier, of the Church as the world's evangelizing agency, in a moment they are one again; heart answers to heart, and minds just now jarred by passions are swept by a common sympathy. They can leave off debate and kneel together before a common mercy-seat, or clap hands around the Cross, and sing the loftiest "Te Deums," with no sense of division or disharmony.

We ought to be able to talk of Christian holiness sweetly. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves if the mention of the theme either frets or frightens us. What if we have not yet found our highest experience? We are yearning after it. What if some who profess to be sanctified are noisy and shallow and narrow-minded or fanatical? Jesus is the model, and He is as fair, and as gentle, and as calm as ever. They who talk the most about Christian holiness average fairly in character and purity and good works and faith and reasonableness, with others, and that is all that can be said, in simple justice to the great body of believers.

This theme of holiness is the central theme of Christian theory and experience. Let us not thrust it aside, but frankly and joyfully magnify it. Let each thoughtful Christian speak his ripest experience in honesty and humility and love, and then let him be tested by his conduct and fruits. By all sorts of gifts, and phrases, and articulations, shall the blessed truth as it is in Jesus get itself into new translations and adjustments to the manifoldness of the human mind and spirit. And they who have power with the pen, let them give utterance to the thought that has been born within them. Who knows but such utterance shall be a new translation of God's thought to some anxious and prepared heart.

So we welcome Rev. John A. Lansing's little book, entitled "The Holy Ones." We welcome it as a fresh, living voice upon this subject of holiness. We may not agree with it at every point, we may not be able to assign it to this, that, or the other theological pigeon-hole, but what of all that? It is an electric articulation of a soul that thinks it has a divine message to speak forth, and that does not know how to crib itself up in the set forms and sleepy platitudes of the Middle Ages. I like the book for four reasons:—

1. It is intensely stimulating. Its freshness, and originality, and passion, and characteristic way of putting things give a positive quickening to the mind. Occasionally, its style is somewhat involved, and its thought obscure; but it is evidently handling great spiritual things, and its psychological effect is refreshingly tonic, and inspirational.

2. It challenges me, and provokes me to re-readings and study. What is a book good for that can be mastered at a single reading? Who appreciates a knowledge which costs him no hard study, or patient brooding? The author is not clearly exact at several points, in my judgment, but the drift of the book is like a surge of the sea, and its voices challenge me like the voices of an apocalypse.

3. It is self-centred, and single-eyed. It minds its own business, and moves straight ahead as if it had a mission. It does not start if it is misread, or struck at men of straw by the wayside; it names a theme, busies itself there, with till it has completed its argument, and then stops. Half the books upon Christian holiness are made up of pious frettings, and scoldings, and commonplace, and controversy. In delightful contrast with such unprofitable scatterings this book takes up its subject, and treats it with no word of fretting, or scolding, or controversy, or personal allusions. Holiness in its sight seems to be, not a thing of theological standard, or camp-meetings, or trances, but something which needs only the soul, the Book, and God the Holy Ghost for its full comprehension and possession. It is a positive rest and refreshment to come across a book that does not bottom itself upon foot-

notes, or lean upon crutches, or exhaust itself, and its readers, in personalities.

4. The book is noteworthy for its vigorous and vivid language. The dictionaries say that "words are signs of ideas." Great Gospel thoughts should not be treated in a slovenly, lazy way. Give great Gospel ideas linguistic homage. Set them in strong, flaming words, and they become as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Mere word-picturing, of course, is wasteful of time, and of mental and spiritual sensibility; but if the soul is full and pressed with great thoughts and truths, it ought to utter them forth in words that focus their light, and edge their sharpness, and intone their sweetness. Language is the sign of reason and immortality. As preachers, and teachers, and thinkers become able to master, freight and marshal words in the service of reason, immortality and God, they have a right to speak and be heard in the world. We who stand up to preach the Gospel ought to know that the mouthing of vowels and consonants for an hour, does not make a sermon. The people know it whether we do or not. It is profitable to study books that use words in a fresh, royal manner.

The object of this book is to state the doctrine of holiness so as to make its theory intelligible to all, and its Christian profession and believing. The key-note of the entire discussion is this: Holiness is obedience. Obedience is holiness. The "holy ones" are the obedient ones. He that is truly obedient before God, is holy, in the best Scriptural sense of that term. The whole treatment of the subject is thus placed upon Scriptural and undebatable ground. From this standpoint we can come at the subject of holiness dispassionately. Can the subject be argued from this basis? Is not this a simple and Gospel way of looking at it? Is it not the Gospel way and method? Through ten short chapters, the author pursues this idea. Holiness is obedience. Obedience is the free and loving response of the human soul to every word and impulse of God clearly made known to it. God is in personal relations with us, in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost is the revealer of the Lord Jesus to us. Holiness has no personal or metaphysical shibboleths. No one can set himself as a judge of his brethren, and demand of them some holiness shibboleth. Holiness has no human text-book tests. It is a divine soul-secret, a personal sanctity, a "white-stone" token, a "new name" whispered to the individual by the Holy Ghost. The possession of holiness is directly spoken to the soul; it is manifested forth to others by obedience.

Obedience is according to, light in like manner. Human holiness is according to light, and is a relative thing; it is a progress. "Holiness is your state as you now are, in meeting the Lord as He now is, in His unfolding of Himself to you." To-day you are perfectly obedient to your present light. You are therefore holy. To-morrow you have new light, so that the holiness of yesterday will not answer for to-day. Your personal holiness consists in your kneeling forever at the feet of Jesus in the spirit of absolute self-surrender, and saying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Holiness is not, therefore, a fixed quantity, it is a spiritual progress by which the consecrated soul is ever moving out into the fulness of God. It is the habit of the soul as it grows up into Christ, its living Head, in all things. The great definite end is "perfect holiness," and this is not to be sought for its own sake, but because it is the only preparation for the presence and fellowship of the Holy One, the personal Lord Christ.

The strong points of the argument would seem to be: Obedience is the key-word of Christian holiness. Obedience is a manageable Bible term, and can be used easily so that all can understand it. Obedience connects, philosophically, with personality; so that the highest relations of the soul can be stated and explained by placing it in positive relations with the Lord Jesus Christ. Intense apprehension of the personality of the Lord Jesus Christ, and intense love for the personal Jesus, and intimate personal union and communion with Him in the Holy Ghost, are the prime factors of a Christian experience. It is not holiness that is set before us as the object of life, but the Holy One and the holy. The book pushes all argument back through variable, to primal elements, and stripping the soul of everything but self-hood, leaves it face to face with the Word and the Spirit of God himself. Whether this method will satisfy those who specially think and argue upon Christian holiness, remains to be seen, but we shall be much mistaken if it does not give a certain sound to many confused and honest souls, who are hungry to know practical and practicable truth.

In several statements the book may be misinterpreted; for instance page 22: "Have Him, and all things are yours—yours to be your servants, and ministers and saviours, for all things save in Him," etc. This sentence has a transcendental sound, and, to a careless reader, would tally perfectly with the theology of Emerson or Frothingham. A careful re-reading will show that the savingness of things is only "in Him." The sentence is profoundly true, but perhaps it would be better to let the old formula stand, "Jesus only can save." To a careless reader, it is possible that the third chapter would

seem to magnify the inner light, the personal response of the Holy Ghost to the soul, at the expense of the written Word and the human reason. There is a profound truth in mysticism, but the inner light must mirror itself forth in the written Word, or its voice is official, and its teachings speedy fanaticism. Upon page 44 it is said: "When you are to believe you can believe. When you are not called upon to believe you cannot. You may will to believe, and say you do, and believe that you are believing, but somewhere you will find that the line breaks." Well, now, is not that high Calvinism? Is not that the bell of election? Call it what you please, startled brother, but it is the profound truth of God's gracious sovereignty in personal salvation. There is no Calvinism about it. It is the statement of the fact of free grace. Faith is God's gift through grace; and God moves graciously towards us and upon us, before we can move towards Him or find Him. It is the statement of a foundation principle of the Gospel, and is not in conflict with free agency or human works.

If the author seems a little unguarded in several points, it is evidently because he thinks that the main theme will commend itself, and that in the theme itself details and minor statements will be swallowed up. Driving the enemy, he sets no guards in the rear.

I had marked several sentences for quotation, but my space is filled. The effect of this book upon my own heart has been to increase its yearnings after the personal Lord Jesus. He is the true Life and Home of the soul.

THE CURE OF ANXIETY.

BY REV. JOSHUA GILL.

Anxiety is the bane of human experience. It is the sting of adversity, and the poison of prosperity. It is always borrowing trouble, and consequently always having it. People dread poverty, sickness, death, friendlessness, and kindred evils, but it is certain that if the ingredient of anxiety could be extracted, there would be nothing terrible about any of them. It is not these so-called "distresses" that hurry men into dissipation, crime, and suicide, but the anxiety accompanying them. This is one of the most universal and tenacious effects of sin. The worst thing about it is the general belief that it is incurable this side of heaven. We sing erroneously:—

"There is an hour of peaceful rest—"

"Is found alone in heaven."

The majority of Christ's professed followers are groaning under the burden of anxiety, wondering if even heaven will effect a cure. A story is told of a man who erected a sign on a piece of land owned by him, reading thus: "This farm given to him who is perfectly contented." Soon a man called and claimed the farm.

"Are you perfectly contented?" asked the owner.

"I am," replied the applicant.

"Then what do you want of my farm?" was the pertinent rejoinder.

Everybody worries. We worry about our health, our business, our families, our pleasures, our benevolences, our Churches, our piety—everything. Borrowing trouble is the world's besetting sin.

"But what about its cure?" asks the soul tormented by anxiety. "We have heard enough about its baneful influence. We know all that by sad experience. Tell us how to be rid of it, at once and forever."

The perfect and permanent cure of anxiety is found in the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. Take a few simple texts: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

"Take no thought for the morrow." "Let not your heart be troubled."

Trouble and quiet are opposite; so are weariness and rest; so also are disturbance and peace. The Greek scholar knows that the words "careful" and "take thought" are from the same word, which means "anxiety." "Be anxious for nothing." "Take no anxious thought for the morrow."

It is clear, then, that the Gospel provides a remedy, a perfect cure for anxiety. There is no more need of the anxious soul carrying about its burdens, than there is for the guilty soul carrying its burdens. Christ as a personal Saviour stands ready to give the soul absolute and constant rest from henceforth. How many say in the language of Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" How few add as Paul does: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In order to obtain perfect rest in Christ, or freedom from anxiety, three things are necessary: First, we must settle it that we want this perfect cure. I have seen some people who almost seemed to consider it a luxury to go around groaning under certain burdens. They bring forward their troubles, or they have to work hard, or they have fretful children, or bad neighbors, or something or other that is terrible. They seem to roll it under their tongue as a sweet morsel. They would be all right, but for this or that particular

cross. Oh, how distrustful of God all such complaining is! How disparaging to Christ! How detracting to the Gospel! What a terrible commentary upon the intelligence and piety of those who indulge in it! Now the first thing to be done is to decide that rest, complete and abiding, is in the highest degree desirable; that it is a duty and a privilege; that it is indeed a sin to live without it; that any price is cheap which will purchase it.

Second, we must consecrate all our affairs to God, including ourselves, our intellect, sensibilities, and wills. We must consent absolutely to let God take charge of us and all our concerns. To be sick or well, rich or poor, high or low, pleasantly or unpleasantly surrounded, to be mistress or maid, master or servant, prince or drudge, to have our way, or to be always yielding to somebody's else plans, to be applauded or condemned, to be popular or unpopular, to live or die—in short, to receive, suffer, do, and become, just what God elects for us, and be content with it. This does not preclude attempting to better our condition, provided we always operate without excitement, and in entire loyalty to God.

Third, we must have faith in God, through Jesus Christ, that He now and continuously bestows upon us just what we need for soul and body. Such a faith takes the promise for all it contains, when it says, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Prayer pleads the promises, faith claims the promises. Faith is "casting all your care on Him." Faith is a volition, and is a constant dependence on God for all things, under all circumstances, at all times. To such trust thus fully, the Apostle's prayer is answered: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Thousands have testified to this instantaneous, perfect, and uninterrupted cure of anxiety. It is—

"A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest."

THE FERNLEY LECTURE AND ITS FOUNDER.

The Fernley Lecture has now become an institution in British Methodism, and consists of a sermon or lecture, which is delivered in connection with the Wesleyan Conference, England. Six lectures have been delivered and published. Another should have been delivered by Rev. L. H. Wiseman, D. D., but, alas! he was taken away, while there is reason to believe that he was busy making preparation "against the time to come."

How remarkable that he should be called to enjoy "eternal life," while he was preparing the Fernley Lecture, on that all-important theme!

John Fernley, the distinguished founder of "the Lecture," was a man of whom the Methodist Church might justly be proud, allowing that it is right to be proud of men. He was one of the princes in Israel, and though possessed of means whereby he could live in affluence, he was, nevertheless, as humble as a child, and to his dying day, he was ardently attached to the institutions of Methodism, and was never absent from his class, when health and other circumstances enabled him to be present. He regarded the class-meeting as a great auxiliary to spirituality, and often in his diary expressed his attachment to that peculiar means of grace.

From early manhood, Mr. Fernley became convinced that it was his duty to contribute according to his means towards the maintenance of all good institutions; hence, on receiving his share of the profits of an investment, he made an entry in his journal, that he must faithfully use the amount in doing good. This was a principle on which he acted through the whole of his subsequent life. As a Methodist, he took deep interest in all its affairs, and stood by the Church of his choice in all seasons of trial and difficulty. He was a firm friend on which the utmost reliance might always be placed. News from the missionaries abroad was always read by him with the greatest eagerness; and towards securing the Wesleyan mission premises in Rome, which have been so universally admired by all who have visited the papal city, he was the principal mover. He assisted to inaugurate the theological institutions, and often gave prizes to students as rewards for, and incentives to, efficiency in their studies. In "chapel affairs" he was far from being an idle spectator. At one time, many of these trusts were seriously crippled with debt; in common with others, he labored hard for their liquidation, and greatly aided in the erection of new edifices both at Manchester, Stockport, and Southport; especially at the latter, where he built a church at his own expense, which has been declared to be a model of neatness and utility. He was a true minister's friend; hence, with the aid of a few friends like-minded, he erected Trinity Hall, Southport, which is an educational institution for Methodist ministers' daughters.

But it was not on Methodism alone that he bestowed his charities. The various benevolent societies in and around Manchester, had in him a warm friend and generous benefactor. Dispensaries, hospitals, lunatic asylums and ragged schools all shared his support; nor were the sailors forgotten, as he greatly aided the Life Boat institution, and one of the boats was named in honor of his beloved wife. There is one institution in Manchester, the cotton mill town, in which he took great interest, and of which he was the principal founder; that is, the building known as the "Depot for the Bible and Tract societies, the City Mission and the Ragged School Union." Here the agents and friends of those noble societies often meet and take counsel together, and in doing so they have just cause to revere the memory of John Fernley, to whom they are so much indebted.

How would it be for the world, if our business men generally, would act more in the spirit of Mr. Fernley! There is great reason to fear that, in the majority of cases, wealth is used for the purposes of luxury, and that too frequently the speedy accumulation of wealth, no matter by what means, is regarded as evidence of more than ordinary shrewdness. Mr. Fernley spent comparatively little for mere personal gratification. For a person of such ample means as he possessed, he lived very abstemiously, and the main reason why he did so was that he might have the more with which to do good. Mr. Fernley looked upon his wealth as a gift bestowed by God, which he was to use for the divine glory. Will those of our readers whom God has blessed in a similar manner act as he did?

The lectures which have been published in connection with "the Fernley Lecture," are: The Holy Spirit, His Work and Mission, by Rev. G. Osborn, D. D.; Jesus Christ, the Propitiation for our Sins, by Rev. John Lomas; The Person of Christ, by Professor Pope; The Christian Church, by Rev. B. Gregory; The Doctrine of a Future Life, by Rev. J. D. Geden; The Priesthood of Christ, by Rev. H. Williams, D. D. Probably, Dr. Osborn's and Mr. Lomas' discourses were previously delivered as sermons in the course of their ministry, though none the less valuable on that account; but the others are much more elaborate, especially those of Professor Pope and Mr. Gregory, both of which have been largely expanded until they have become goodly volumes. These lectures, as well as others to be subsequently delivered and published, will no doubt be regarded as standards, and will well repay the careful perusal of those who desire to be well read in the important parts of theology of which they respectively treat.

From the provisions of the Trust deed of the Fernley Lecture, we learn that the lecture and subject are chosen twelve months in advance; the design is to explain and defend the doctrines or ecclesiastical polity of the Wesleyan Methodist connexion; the same person is not to preach or lecture more than once. Thus it will be seen that provision is made for efficiency and variety, and there can be no doubt but that the founding of such an annual lecture will be the means of doing much good.

TRANSFERS.

This word, like many others in the Methodist vocabulary, comes to us from the outside world. It has been regenerated, adopted; but the time of its glorification has not yet come. With some there is a disposition to turn it out of Church altogether; or, at least, to leave it so little to do that, like not a few of our Church members, it will gradually evanesce. Just now Conferences, District and Annual, are passing their usual resolutions against "transfers," "respectfully requesting the Bishop" not to do so any more.

Certainly there is a difficulty in the case. To see men of superior brains, hearts, and histories set aside or crowded back to make room for men whose sole advantage is that of novelty, is much better calculated to evoke resolutions than dogmologies. And yet, of what use are these resolutions? If the suit of a Church is urgent, and the minister, Barkis-like, is "willin", and the Bishop ready to solemnize the bans, all the resolutions under the sun cannot prevent the ceremony. As the celebrated John Brown of Haddington once said to a student who preached before him, "the strongest characteristic of this discourse is weakness." Few things are weaker than these resolutions.

Besides, they do not seek the remedy in the right direction. We need more transfers rather than fewer. If novelty is an advantage—and without doubt in the present imperfect state of things in this world it often is—then let it be conferred more generally. There are many of our best ministers whose periods of maximum usefulness and comfortable support would be lengthened a dozen years by a transfer. They have breadth of knowledge, ripeness of culture, coolness of judgment, the wisdom of experience; but they lack novelty. Before the bar of the imagination the familiar must yield to the novel, the known to the unknown. Fancy clothes the new man in many excellences such as he never, and but few ever, possessed. This is one reason for the peculiar popularity of young men. They are new, unknown. In the absence of knowledge Fancy paints their pictures. And we know the color of Fancy uses. Let transfers be made more difficult and infrequent, and the calls of the Churches for young men will be louder and more frequent. The kind reader may pause here and expatiate to his heart's content upon the evils, real or supposed, of youthful pastorsates. We say nothing upon the subject. We leave the gap, purposely, for each one to fill according to his taste.

Now it may be fairly presumed that there are in almost every one of our larger Conferences at least a dozen men who are willing (I will not say itching) to be transferred. Ought not this fact to be taken advantage of? It may be made the means of infusing freshness into all our Conferences;

and, in justice, it ought to be said that novelty will not be the only advantage furnished by transfers. A liberal exercise of the transfer power will greatly increase the chances of adaptation of the man to his work. The policy of obstructing and preventing transfers tends to narrow our itinerant system into one of the most senseless things imaginable. We itinerate not for the sake of itinerating, but for the sake of the largest degree of adaptation. Let this policy prevail, and we shall have neither the advantages of the settled pastorate, nor those of the itinerancy. We shall move just as much as ever, but with diminished chances that the move will benefit anybody. Our "traveling" will be like that of a horse in a treadmill. We keep going, but the landscape is the same at the end of the day's journey as at the beginning. Our great connective system will be worse than an any name.

A great need of our Church to-day is some stated policy of transfers fixed upon by the authorities so that the persons and needs concerned may be more generally accommodated. As it is now the consummation of a transfer is one of the most uncertain and seemingly capricious things known or knowable. The way of "a serpent upon a rock" is nothing in comparison with it. A matter of as much importance as this should be controlled by some definite, well-understood, and effective policy.

We are wont to hear upon this subject something said about "Conference relations," and being "identified with Conference work." Why not also speak of District work and District relations? Why pay more respect to the boundaries of Conference than of Districts? This "identification with Conference work" is a matter largely imaginary. Conference work is chiefly the work of the individual ministers in their charges. And besides this there is the formal routine work of the Conference at its annual session. What is there thus far that new men cannot do as well as any one? To be "identified with Conference work" sometimes amounts simply to being identified with a coterie fancying itself charged with the general direction of affairs.

Included in this "work" is the management of camp-meetings and Conference seminars and—what shall I say more? Simply this: Most likely these matters would be fully as prosperous with a smaller allowance of mutual understanding.

Our Book Table.

Another substantial and very interesting addition to the literature of Central Africa is made by the handsome volume, just issued simultaneously in England and in this country, from the press of the Harpers, from the pen and explorations of Commander Verney L. Cameron, C. B., D. C. L., and entitled ACROSS AFRICA. It makes an octavo of over five hundred pages, very handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated. The expedition under Commander Cameron was first intended to be a reinforcement to Livingstone, and to be placed under his command; but the lamented death of the great apostle of Africa, which occurred just as the expedition drew near to the scene of his latest labors, deprived it of this great advantage. With great heroism, with the objective purpose of studying the problem of the internal slave-trade and preparing the way for its extinction, and of carrying forward the invaluable explorations of Livingstone and his fellow-travelers in the interior of Africa, Cameron traversed across the continent from east to west, striking in at Zanzibar, and reaching the Atlantic at Loanda. The style of the volume is remarkably simple, clear and entertaining. Cameron was a careful observer, and his closing review of the condition, possibilities, productions and necessities of Africa, is particularly valuable. We shall have a full notice of the special results of this continental tour, with a careful consideration of the judgments, by an experienced hand, and also by one who has visited one shore of this mysterious land and taken a long and wistful look into its still veiled and swarming interior.

Singularly enough, Roberts Brothers publish, as the second volume of their Town and Country Series of volumes, a serious theological treatise. The first was a story, pure and simple; is this also a fiction? It is entitled FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH, and is written by Rev. R. Andrew Griffin. I dare say, the Rev. Andrew was an English Baptist minister, educated after the most rigid forms and dogmas of Calvinism. He seems to have had a very limited amount of early culture, and to have enjoyed but a narrow circle of religious reading. In 1871 he came to this country, and for the first time began to breathe an atmosphere of liberalism and to read rationalistic literature. A condition of mind and culture could hardly be imagined more congenial to a grateful reaction from previous iron-bound beliefs, or one more susceptible to the fascinating charms of a polished and attractive faith in human nature and the universal fatherhood of God. The book is by no means strong or novel. It bears the marks of sincerity, and is written in excellent and reverent temper.

Henry A. Buttz, D. D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Drew Theological Seminary, has prepared an admirable Biblical monograph. It is THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS IN GREEK, in which the third edition of Robert Stephens' text is collated with those of the leading modern versions, such as Elzevir, Lachmann, Alford, Tregelles, Tischendorf and Westcott, and with the chief ancient manuscripts. References are also made to Winer's and Buttmann's grammars. This model text-book is finely published by Nelson & Phillips, and is to be the forerunner of an edition of the entire Greek Testament. It is evidently prepared with great care and correctness, and is an honor to its author and the seminary in which he is a professor. Magee has it for sale.

Harper & Brothers add to their Vest-pocket series the well-known and almost classical TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, by Charles and Mary Lamb. They are bound in paper very neatly. Price 25 cents each.

W. P. Manton, 17 Beacon Street, Boston, publishes, and has for sale, a complete manual upon TAXIDERMY. It is so fully illustrated, and its directions are so simple and clearly given; that an amateur without a

teacher, after a little practice, will be able to prepare and preserve such birds and animals as he may desire, and arrange them in graceful positions. It is very handy and valuable. Price 50 cents.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly for April opens with Part I of the diary of a British officer in Boston in 1775—now first printed from the original MSS., which has recently come into the possession of one of the family of Richard H. Dana, Jr. Mr. Dana in an introductory note, tracing as far as possible the history of the MSS., says, "It corroborates and explains many things of more or less interest, and has all the characteristics of genuineness." This article on The Raes of the Danes, by Mr. John Fiske, contributes a valuable addition to the literature of the Eastern question, by defining the ethnological relations of these peoples, and their position in the general history of Europe. Mr. James' tragical story, The American, draws two chapters nearer its close, which will be reached in the May number, and Mr. Howells' charming comedy, Out of the Question, reaches a happy conclusion. Mrs. Kemble's Old Woman's Gospel also ends in this number. Let no one be deterred by the unmusical name, *Writalsie*, from carefully reading R. H. Stoddard's beautiful poem, narrating how brave a spirit dwelt in the heart of a child of twelve. Admirers of Longfellow's poetry (and they are legion who treasure each musical line that flows from his rhythmic pen) will welcome gladly his Ballad of the French fleet destroyed in the storm of October, 1746, before whose fury—

"Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the fleet
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine."

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple contributes one of his delightful essays on Dickens' American Notes, showing how far that the book satisfied Dickens' great public of readers in no respect. A South Carolinian, in a paper on South Carolina, gives a faithful and startling exposition of the morals of society in that State; representing a state of affairs which the present writer's observations during a ten years' residence in North Carolina only too fully corroborates. An excellent review of Knight's Mechanical Dictionary is given in the form of a regular paper, with music that is highly spoken of by competent critics. In recent literature we notice a very favorable critique on William Morris' "Sigurd the Volsung."

In *Lippincott's* for April the Eastern question puts in its inevitable appearance in the form of a very finely-illustrated and well-written article on The Tartar and His Home, from the pen of Edward C. Bruce. Rion's illustrations to the second paper on the Valleys of Peru are much better than some by the same artist in recent numbers of this magazine. The article contains much interesting information. The serial story of The Marquis of Lossie, by George MacDonald, and Young Aloys, by Auerbach—occupy considerable space; the difference in the styles of the two great authors is very marked, while there are some pretty bits of descriptive writing by each. A chapter from Real Life contains the experience of a steamer trip across the Atlantic, followed by residence in the low boarding-house of New York city, a story of hardships and privations and wickedness that our gentle readers can hardly realize to be true. "K" is the rather brief title of a pleasant little love-story by E. A. Barry. Wye Island would scarcely lead one to expect in the article it heads so entertaining an account as Robert Wilson gives of William Bage, a three member of Congress, and the governor of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and holder successively of three of the highest judicial offices in the country. "A Peacemaker of 1782-83" is a very pleasant and readable historical essay on Lord Shelburne. Two Sonnets are the only poems with names; one is a parody, by Kate Hillard, and The Will-o'-the-Wisp, by Emma Lazarus. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

From the fourteen articles given in the April *Popular Science Monthly*, it is a difficult task to select those to which special attention shall not be called. The mere list of titles would, in fact, be bewildering in its richness; we must therefore name but a few, and say "read, ponder and inwardly digest" all the contents of this excellent number, dwelling longest, if you will, on Prof. Tyndall's Comparative and Ineffective Atmosphere; Prof. Tenney's Plant-Features of North America, in which you may, kind reader, renew acquaintance with some old friends. Do not pass by the curious Ball-Paradox, nor the Origin and Curiosities of the Arabic Numerals. Prof. Crooke's fine portrait will, of course, attract attention to the admirable summary of his Scientific Labors.

Russia, again! And this time, under the guise of a chatty article on Some Phases of Russian Life, George Cary Eggleston, in *Appleton's Journal* for April, leads up his readers to the great book on Russia, by Mr. Wallace, which he thus so pleasantly reviews. The opening paper of the number is an interesting one on the Austrian Arctic Expedition. Julius Henri Browne contributes a capital paper on the Marquis de Richelieu, a Hero of the Old Régime. Cherry Ripe and The Tower of Percepsent, by George Sand, are the serials, and there are several excellent short stories. Midway between the older monthlies and the sensational weeklies *Appleton's Journal* finds a place which it most aptly fills. For sale at Appleton's Agency.

The *Magazine of American History* reaches us just in time to note its admirable table of contents. The First Sea-fight of the Revolution, and the Massacre at Killing Creek, Virginia, 1621-22, are its historical papers of value. The narrative of the Prince de Broglie, 1782, is continued from the original document. The reprints in this number are The Wonders of Canada, and the Transfer of the Body of Columbus to Havana. Ably edited, handsomely printed, and promptly issued, this newest venture in the exploration of American history should receive the hearty support of all well-wishers. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Boston can now claim to be the headquarters of the juvenile magazines. *Wide Awake*, by nature as well as name, and its little companion, *Baby-Land*, published by D. Lohpock & Co., are as bright and sparkling as the little eyes which welcome their monthly visits. *The Nursery* for April contains twenty articles, including a Mother Goose Melody, The Story of a Seal, The Council of Buzzards, and The Little Recluse, with their fine illustrations, are the special attractions. *The Monthly Reader*, for primary schools, is very attractively made up, and calls forth universal praise.

Mr. Spurgeon says to the Bible student, "Sell your coat, and buy Henry's Commentary, if you cannot get it without." N. Tibbals & Sons, 37 Park Row, New York, have just imported two editions of Henry's Commentary—one in three volumes, Cassell's edition, and one from Nesbit & Co., in nine volumes, at much reduced prices.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—The Conference year just closed, under the pastorate of Rev. R. R. Meredith, has been a very successful one in every respect. The Church has increased in membership more than 75, though the books do not show as many names as at the beginning of the last year, all the "dead" names which the Church had been carrying for years, having been stricken off. Since last Conference there have been more than 225 conversions, and of these 105 have joined the Church on probation, and quite a large number are to join next month. Forty-eight have joined by letter. There have been more than 150 additions to the Sabbath-school since Bro. Meredith has been superintendent. Among the recent converts are many men, most of whom had not been to church for years, though intelligent and industrious citizens. One of these, while seeking Christ for himself, was directly instrumental in leading ten of his associates to the Cross. The preaching services have been very largely attended, it being necessary to provide extra seats at most of the evening services. Bro. Meredith is deservedly popular with all classes, and we are glad to see he has been returned by Conference to Grace Church. There is every reason to believe that his more abundant success will follow his work in the future than in the past.

MAINE.

To the MAINE CONFERENCE. The time is drawing near, when the cry of want and distress from the aged, sick and helpless will reach us in the Conference room. Are we ready to meet that cry in a way that will carry joy and gladness to their hearts? This is the only time their voices can be heard during the year, and even then, some of them will modestly suffer in silence rather than press their claims on the Conference.

The cry of "hard times and nothing to do" is heard on every hand, but with those for whom we plead, it is "hard times and nothing to do" all the year round, and has been so with some for long years.

In the last General Conference the question was pondered long by the committee of Revisals: What can be done to meet their claims? For long years, in violation of the designs of the Discipline, the profits of the Book Concern have been taken from "Conference claimants" and appropriated to pay the Bishops. The Bishops must, of course, be paid somehow. But how?

The committee finally reported an amendment to the Discipline, providing that the claim of the Bishops, Presiding Elders and Conference claimants should be consolidated or merged with the claim of the pastor, and that they should share pro rata.

This amendment passed by a large majority in the committee. But when reported, the Conference struck out the claim of the superannuates and the widows. The claim of the pastor is pretty sure generally, because he is on the ground to see to it, and the Church "has respect unto the recompense of reward" in case they pay up promptly. So the pastor's claim is made the "back-horse" to carry the claim of the Presiding Elder and the Bishops. By this arrangement the claim of the Presiding Elder is made just as sure as that of the pastor, and even more sure, for he can, and sometimes does, hold back the domestic missionary money from the pastor and appropriate it to his own use. So he is sure of his pay, for he is entitled to it—such is the ruling—whether he attends to his duties or not.

Then the Bishops' claim rides the same "back-horse" and is comfortably sure. But God help the superannuate and the widow! Who will plead for them? They need very strong faith, to live in times like these without corn, flour, pork, etc. Their claim this year on every church in the Maine Conference is the same as that of the Presiding Elder. In God's name, brethren, reach every possible dollar for these needy ones this year! For the stewards, S. F. WETHERS.

Lewiston, April, 1877.

Bath.—Dr. G. F. Pentecost, of Boston, conducted special revival services in the Winter Street Congregational church in this city, commencing the 23d inst., and closing the 6th, with a Bible reading. Dr. Fiske, the pastor, consulted with the other pastors of the evangelical Churches, and it was thought best to hold union meetings; and though the Doctor's stay has been so brief, a very deep interest has been awakened among the people, especially among lukewarm Christians; and about forty, of all ages, have been reclaimed and converted. The largest church in our city has been filled to listen to his intensely interesting and searching expounding of the Scriptures.

These union meetings will be continued under the direction of the pastors, and we have some hope that Dr. P. will return to us for a few days. We think he has a rare combination of qualifications for a successful evangelist.

We are also having a very precious work of grace in West Bath. We have been holding meetings there for nearly three weeks. Rev. Mr. Moxley, of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Benn, of Beacon Street Church, have rendered excellent service. Large numbers are being reclaimed and converted, and there is no perceptible abatement of the interest. Old residents say they have not seen anything like it for many years. Five were baptized at Wesley

church, April 1st, and four received into full membership.

They are making fine progress on their parsonage at Beacon Street, and if the powers that be do not return Brother B. to occupy it next year, there will be one sadly disappointed Church, at least. They are also prospering financially and spiritually.

April 6th we buried one of our oldest and most worthy members—Daniel Robbins. He had been connected with the Church longer than any other member. An obituary will soon appear.

A. S. L.

Mechanic Falls.—The M. E. Church at Mechanic Falls has been struggling with a church debt for the past sixteen years. On Wednesday, March 29th, through the earnest and self-sacrificing efforts of the Church and society, the last dollar was paid. On Sabbath morning, April 1st, the church edifice was burned to the ground. The parsonage on the same lot, through the persistent efforts of the people, was saved. The Church as a whole have stood the shock nobly. Our faith is in God, not in circumstances. "Who is so great a God as our God?" "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might bring about praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

W. B. BARTLETT.

Eryeburg.—The meetings held in this place by the Y. M. C. A., have been greatly misrepresented in the local papers. I will give a plain statement of the facts. About the middle of March Brother C. M. Bailey, president of the Y. M. C. A. of the State, came here, with an arrangement with the Congregational and Methodist Churches, to hold meetings, bringing with him a band of workers, from Portland and Wintthrop, including the various denominations. They commenced with flattering prospects, but soon encountered a spirit of opposition. The pastor of the Congregational Church, with a portion of his parishioners, had embraced the unaffiliated system of Swedenborg, and they at first began scattering his literature in the form of small books and tracts among the newly awakened, and criticizing in the meetings the doctrines of the Gospel presented by the brethren in charge.

This antagonistic spirit waxed bolder until the last meeting of the series, when it culminated in what seemed an organized attempt to take the meeting from the hands of the leaders, and end it in confusion. A company of women, advocates of this new faith, interrupted the services by reading certain passages and following with remarks opposed to the work of this band of evangelists. Some seven or eight having done thus, one of their number made a speech in behalf of Mr. Stone and his new doctrines. At this point the leader succeeded in reducing them to order, and called on all the Christians to unite in prayer, after which the services were continued with most encouraging results.

The Y. M. C. A. would have continued these meetings, but for the persistent obstructions they met with. As it was, their efforts resulted in a goodly number of conversions and reclamations, and they left very reluctantly, and to the sincere regret of all believers in Jesus, as our only Saviour. Our own Church was greatly blessed and strengthened, and is in a better condition than for many years.

K. ATKINSON.

Items.—A good religious interest prevails in the town of Bowdoinham.

Rev. Mr. Chandler of the Fairfield M. E. Church is very successful in his work, and his parish is prospering. A people's union bazaar-meeting of all the denominations in the village has been organized, to be held weekly, the result of which it is hoped will be to awaken a more extended religious interest. Mr. Howard Owen, esq., of Augusta, delivered his lecture, "Life in the Maine State Prison," in the Methodist church, Sunday, March 25th, to a large audience. The lecture was highly appreciated, and the fervent appeal of the speaker to the young men, to avoid the wine-cup and all forms of intoxication which have caused the imprisonment of so many in that institution, cannot fail of producing a beneficial result. The good people of Fairfield are determined to be free from the "rum power," no matter what may be the cost.

A good religious interest prevails in Richmond. The temperance cause there is receiving attention from the Churches.

A meeting of the Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting Association was held in Gardiner, March 27th, at which it was decided to hold the annual camp-meeting on the grounds this year, August 15th, to continue eight days. It is expected that the State temperance camp-meeting will follow immediately. Much interest is felt for the success of these meetings.

Rev. Herbert Tilden, of Augusta, has received a call to the Baptist Church at Lewiston. It is hoped that the call will not be accepted, and that he will not leave the State.

The Skowhegan praying band are at work in good earnest in Somerset and other counties with marked success.

Bridgton and Freeport are still sharing in the good work of grace. To God be all the praise!

The revival interest at Industry still continues. Some thirty or more have been brought to Christ within a few weeks. Brother Pratt, pastor of the Methodist Church there, is laboring faithfully and successfully, holding meetings every evening. The mother of Brother Pratt died in the triumph of the Christian faith Dec. 23d, aged 77 years. Sister Pratt was a devoted member of the M. E. Church for more than half a century, and her house has ever been a home for God's people, especially for the weary traveler. Her husband survives her, but is patiently waiting for his summons. "Come up higher."

Rev. Mr. Needham, who has been laboring so successfully in Portland for some time past, opened a series of revival meetings in Lewiston on Sunday, April 1st. The City Hall, which accommodates 2500 people, was crowded afternoon and evening. Mr. Stebbins,

the "sweet singer," is aiding Mr. Needham in his revival efforts. The meetings are to continue several weeks.

The exhibition of the senior and junior classes of Bowdoin College took place Monday evening, April 2. President Chamberlain presided, and the college orchestra furnished the music. The parts were all finely rendered and the exhibition was one of special interest.

Mr. Franklin Curtis, of Pownal, lately deceased, made the following bequests in his will: To the Baptist Church in Freeport, \$1000; to the Congregational Church in Pownal, \$900; and to the Congregational Church in Freeport, \$100. Mr. Curtis was a man of fine spirit and generous impulses.

Rev. S. P. Merrill, pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, baptized five persons recently.

The Coville Street Free Baptist Church in Bath is enjoying much prosperity. Rev. D. C. Wheeler, the pastor, is a very efficient worker.

Rev. A. B. Sherwood, at the earnest request of the Free Baptist Church in Richmond, has withdrawn his resignation tendered some time since.

Rev. C. B. Peckham is holding a series of revival meetings at the Jewett school-house in Augusta.

The Free Baptist Church in Harrison has been enjoying considerable prosperity of late. Several conversions are reported, and the work is progressing.

Mr. R. A. Proctor was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry, March 16, at Sumner, by the Oxford Free Baptist church meeting; and Mr. A. Starbird, of Peru, was licensed to preach.

The Waterville reform club celebrated their first anniversary, April 5, with a social supper at the town hall. Earnest and eloquent speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Holland, of Cambridge. A very interesting incident of the occasion was the presentation of a magnificent banner in behalf of the Temperance cause.

Dr. Amos Nourse, a prominent physician of Bath, died April 7, aged 82 years. Dr. N. had been a U. S. senator, and judge of probate. He was a finished scholar, and most highly respected.

Mr. W. A. Robinson has resigned his position as principal of Fryeburg Academy, to accept a situation in the High School at Orange, Mass.

The workshop connected with the Cumberland County Jail, located in this city, cleared for the county last year \$1300. During the past three months the convicts have netted the county \$500. This is better than making the jail a school of crime.

The following persons were elected officers of the Maine Bible Society, at their annual meeting in this city, the 5th inst: President, Edward Gould; vice-president, Samuel Larabee; corresponding secretary, Rev. A. S. Dalton; recording secretary, H. W. Shaylor; treasurer, Oliver Gerrish.

L.

EAST MAINE.

Bangor.—The ice left our river March 25th, which period is some two weeks earlier than the usual opening of navigation at this port. The Boston and Portland steamers are now making their regular trips to Bangor, and business presents quite a lively appearance.

The daily union prayer-meeting continues and with increasing interest. New cases of interest appear in many of the Churches, and our city is now favored with a revival spirit more extended than usual.

At Union Street Church eight probationers have just been received into full fellowship, and others are to unite soon. Several persons are just now commencing a religious life. Our Sunday-schools are especially favored with gracious influences at the present time.

The women's temperance crusade of Bangor has just completed another year of faithful and successful temperance labor, and held their third annual anniversary on April 2. Mrs. M. C. Crossman, its honored president, deserves great credit for her untiring and very efficient work in this important moral reform.

Many rise up to call her blessed and rejoice that by her labor and that of her associates, and God's blessing, they are now living a new, virtuous and happy life. Bright sunlight of prosperity now blesses very many homes where a shadow far worse than death once so darkly rested. Mrs. S. J. Pickard, the accomplished secretary, has performed her work in a most praiseworthy manner, and personally and officially, has contributed largely to the success of the crusade. Mrs. H. E. Prentiss, the first vice-president, was the wife of a deceased ex-Mayor of our city, and is a lady of rank and influence. Most nobly has she consecrated her influence to the temperance interests of Bangor. Her example of active, personal exertion in the recovery of the inebriate is well deserving the imitation of others in like position.

Many other names might be given among this honored band of philanthropic and Christian workers, for all its members are held in high esteem by a grateful public. We bid them a hearty God-speed in their humane and glorious work. May their lives be preserved by a kind Providence to behold the grand consummation of their noblest and highest hopes!

Rev. Theodore Gerrish, Methodist pastor at Pittsfield, has seriously ill with lung fever. Many kind friends aid in administering comfort to him, and all are anxious to see him well again. May our loving Father restore him to health!

W. L. B.

Birmingham, England, has decided to try the curious experiment of buying up all the liquor saloons at a cost of nearly £1,000,000, closing up a portion of them and running the rest herself under carefully digested regulations. The same plan has worked admirably in a small Swedish town, but grave doubts of its success on a large scale are freely expressed.

Fisk University is crowded with colored students. To relieve its crowded state the "David Livingstone Missionary Hall," opposite to Jubilee Hall, has been built at a cost of \$50,000. Jubilee Hall accommodates two hundred and fifty regular students.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

April 17, 1877.

Flour—Superfine, \$2.50 @ \$2.55; extra, \$2.55 @ \$2.60; Michigan, \$2.50 @ \$2.55; St. Louis, \$2.50 @ \$2.55; Southern, \$2.50 @ \$2.55; Corn—Mixed and Yellow, \$1.10 @ \$1.15; Oats—41 @ \$1.00; Wheat—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Rye—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Barley—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Potatoes—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Apples—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Sugar—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Coffee—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tea—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Spices—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Butter—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Eggs—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Lard—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tallow—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Soap—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Candles—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Oil—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Gas—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Water—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Light—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Heat—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Power—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Steam—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Electricity—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Telephone—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Telegraph—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Post—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Express—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Freight—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Insurance—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Bank—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Money—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Gold—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Silver—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Copper—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Iron—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Steel—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Lead—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Zinc—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tin—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Nickel—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Aluminum—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Magnesium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Potassium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Sodium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Calcium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Strontium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Barium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Bismuth—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Antimony—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Arsenic—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tellurium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Selenium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Silicon—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Germanium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Gallium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Indium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Thallium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Lead—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tin—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Zinc—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Nickel—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Aluminum—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Magnesium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Potassium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Sodium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Calcium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Strontium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Barium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Bismuth—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Antimony—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Arsenic—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Tellurium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Selenium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Silicon—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; Germanium—\$1.00 @ \$1.05; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1877.

There can be no question as to the breadth and depth of the revival now in and about Boston. Last week was rendered memorable by its immense audiences at the Tabernacle, by the crowded prayer-meetings, and by the remarkable Fast Day. One of the daily papers speaks of the day as being "slow." There was less festivity, and more religious deference to solemn interests, than has been apparent for years. The union meetings throughout the vicinity were largely attended, and the Tabernacle services reached the utmost capacity of the immense edifice. The impressive revival atmosphere becomes more and more manifest. Several hundred Churches united during the week, in response to the invitation of the evangelists, in holding protracted services. If the Bible readings, conducted by Mr. Pentecost, in Newton, which we have the opportunity of attending, are fair exponents of others, the revival work, in the most grateful and hopeful form, is moving impressively on. Unlike all other which we have witnessed, it is attended with little outward manifestation, no eccentricities, no violent demonstrations of voice or physical exercise, but with deep, powerful and persistent force. God grant that it may still flow on in wider channels and with an increasing current!

There is no work that requires more wisdom or sincere piety than that of the domiciliary visiting of the city. Among the scores of persons that must necessarily be selected to visit the thousands of families within our municipality, there have, without doubt, been some very judicious parties commissioned. The abrupt entrance into a private home, to introduce, without much ceremony, a religious conversation, is of itself, a pretty serious intrusion upon family rights. Only a gentle courtesy, a Christlike spirit, a wide and wise intelligence, can raise such an interview above possible impertinence. The fact that so little opposition has been raised, that so many visitors have been heartily welcomed, that so many have eagerly received the words of devout earnestness and invitation, is a strong evidence of the pervading presence of the Holy Spirit throughout the city. No person should venture upon such a work without much prayer, and a willingness, without rebuke, to receive at times very uncourteous and unsympathetic responses to kindly proffered religious counsels. Every man's house is his fortress when he chooses to make it such. Only the divine Spirit has the golden key which enters it without resistance.

How manifest the providence of God that has inspired, just at this hour, when a polished infidelity have sought to make a fatal and final attack upon the sacred Scriptures, two remarkable counter movements. One is the International Series of S. S. lessons which is compassing in a limited number of years the study of the whole divine record, and awakening such an interest in Biblical exegesis, as has never been manifested in Christendom before; and the other is the growing custom of Bible readings in all our Churches. As the result of these two marked events of the period, the sale of Bibles of reference Bibles was never so large, and it is becoming as common a sight, as it is beautiful and hopeful, to see our people, young and old, with their choice copies of Bagster, full of marks, in their hands, as they go to service. Heaven and earth may pass away but not one jot or tittle of the Word of God. The miracle of the preservation of the Bible and its inseparable grasp upon the heart and confidence of the race, are the best arguments for its inspiration and authenticity.

Purify the Church by the exercise of discipline; but in the use of discipline do not forget to mingle with it mercy and love. The Church was made to save, to heal men, not to kill them. It is a sort of moral hospital to which the impotent flock as in the beginning they did to Christ. If only they come to be healed, it has healing in its touch for all of them. Sin should be no bar to their entrance, provided only they renounce and hate it and desire to be healed of its leprous taint.

In the exercise of discipline have patience, faith, sympathy. The discipline of the Church should be like that of a parent—rather like that of Jesus himself. Hard as were His sayings to the Pharisees and hypocrites, who used the Church as a cloak to

evil doing, He had only words of love and encouragement for the man or woman whose eyes were moistened with the tears of penitence and who was inspired with the purpose of doing well in the future. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Do not cut off the offending brother while you have reasonable hope of his reform. To reform is better than to exclude. Make all exertion to save; take time; let no one drive you to hasty dealing with an offending soul. The parent is slow to resort to the rod; punishment is the last resource. Mercy rejoices against judgment.

If by merciless discipline you drive one of Christ's sheep into perdition, will He forgive you? He sent you to restore him to the fold; not to drive him further into the wilderness or to expose him to the attacks of the enemy.

With proper exertions, how many whom the Church has lost, might have been saved! You should take the cases early; nip the evil in the bud, and not be satisfied with one or two attempts to secure this great end. You are to beseech with prayers, tears, arguments and entreaties; your yearnings over them may save souls from death and hide a multitude of sins.

It is affecting and suggestive to see that the Gospel of a crucified Saviour meets with precisely the same contempt from the culture of the nineteenth century that it did in the first. Ancient Athens and the self-conscious modern Athens of America meet it with a common sentiment of abhorrence. "Because," says Paul, the Hebrew, but of generous Greek culture, and a hearty convert to a salvation received through faith in the vicarious death of the Lord Jesus Christ, "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. . . . We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." One of our liberal editorial conferees says, in commenting upon one of Mr. Moody's highly figurative presentations of the simple truth of the vicarious death of Christ as the sinner's sole hope of salvation, "We could not believe them (Moody's) statements of the efficacy of Christ's blood) if our everlasting salvation depended upon assent to their absurd and shocking statements." We are sorry that the New Testament plan of salvation thus shocks our neighbor's sensibilities so severely. The crimson imagery of Mr. Moody is no more profane or deep in its stain than Paul's; and John, the beloved disciple, affirms, under the breath of inspiration, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

One of the most serious disadvantages experienced in the frequent change of pastors is found to be the loss of attendants, or of members, in the transition. This is especially noticeable with families held by slight ties and with persons lately taken on probation. The loss of probationers in this way is considerable, and greater, we apprehend, than it need be. The proper care, with the out-going and the incoming pastors, would certainly tend greatly to curtail the loss.

Probationers, especially in large revivals, are gathered from the world. They know little of the Church, and are attached only to the minister who has led them to Christ; and when he leaves, it is natural for them to think they also have got through and to cut loose from their transient associations. In order to save them from this danger, the pastor should see to it at an early day, that they be duly enrolled on the books. He should do it with some circumstance and formality, so that they will remember it and come to feel that they are attached to the Church. Do not take their names simply in private on your pocket note book; receive them in public and assign them to classes. After a large revival I have known the pastor only to take their names as inquirers, and in this shape turn them over to his successor. Is it strange that he should fail to hold them or even to find them? You should leave things in no such insecure way. Be sure to string your fish, and to pass the string securely to the hand of your successor.

The new pastor can do much to promote this good end. You should make their acquaintance the first month. If you delay for three months you will be likely to find many of them missing. You must not wait for them to come to you; you are a stranger to them, and they do not know strangers. They expect you to go to them and find them out. Be sure to seek out the probationers first, and see that they are in a good way. By these and other methods many more of our probationers could be saved to the Church.

It will be a great loss to minister or layman not to secure a personal, spiritual "uplift" during the present general revival. For his own support and inspiration in his evangelistic mission, for the elevating, constraining, and melting power of such a baptism, the pastor wants it. How excellent such a fresh and divine grace, as illustrated at the late Conference, seemed in the instance of one of our cultivated young ministers. He appeared as if just responding to the Master's voice—"Loose him and let him go"—throwing off his grave clothes, and taking on the garments of light and salvation.

Christian parents and Sunday-school teachers, men of influence and business, you need a spiritual "uplift." The work is heavy; duty now drags its weary chain behind you. Your influence is not heavenly, and your work lacks moral force. A new vision is needed, and the present is an hour of visitation. We are now daily meeting men in the streets who have evidently seen the Lord, and their faces have been burned by the sight. Jesus of Nazareth is manifestly passing by; do not fail to meet Him.

Now is the time to speak to all your neighbors upon the subject of religion. They are expecting it. We addressed a gentleman, a day or two since, who has not been in the habit of attending church, and was astonished to find him tender, and at once, apparently, upon the point of melting into tears. He has since attended the great meetings and commenced a new life, eagerly seeking every opportunity for religious help and inspiration. It is an hour of general religious impression, and if a thoughtful and tender approach, at a proper moment, is made to any of our unconverted neighbors, we may safely indulge the expectation of a ready and kindly hearing.

William Jay used to say that his best notes were in the pews. The old preachers depended much on the prayers of the people. The people are as essential to the success of the preacher, as the preacher is to the success of the people. The influence is mutual. The people may hold a preacher up so as to secure the best success, or they may hang a millstone about his neck and sink him in the depths of discouragement. Do not fail to render the needed spiritual aid to the preacher. In aiding him you are aiding yourself; you are aiding the cause of God, and humanity.

Receive your new preacher cordially. Give him a place at once in your warmest sympathies, and make him to feel at once that he is among his friends. He may not be your first choice, possibly he is not your choice at all; but he comes to you through the agency established by your Church for the distribution of ministerial talent, and with earnest co-operation on your part, cannot fail to be of service to you. Nothing so paralyzes a preacher as to know that he is not wanted. To tell him kindly and plainly that he is not wanted, is a less affliction, however, than to meet him coolly, to hold yourself at a distance, and to make him feel by your manner that he cannot rely upon you to aid in the work of the year. If you have little interest in the man, at least work for the cause, and value the man for the sake of the cause.

In all probability, your new preacher comes to you with a thin purse. The debts of the year have just been liquidated; the moving bills have exhausted his resources still further; the outfit with which to enter the new field has reduced them nearly to zero. It may be that he has hardly a dollar with which to commence the new ecclesiastical year. The situation is embarrassing. He does not like to open to you his circumstances at so early a day; he does not know where to go and borrow a small sum to meet his present demands. He is in a strait place and needs your aid. Do not fail to pay the first installment of his salary. If that cannot be done by the treasurer, let some one who has the means pay his part at the beginning of the year. In this way he will obtain instant relief and be able to enter on his labors with more cheerfulness and courage.

COUNTING THE COST.

A very intelligent gentleman, whose attention has been greatly aroused of late to spiritual matters, and who, by the convivial life which he has lived during a number of years, and from the professional and business relations which he has held to those connected with the literary and mechanical work of the press, found that quite a number of persons of this class, who had become the victims of their appetites for intoxicating drinks, were disposed to look to him for special sympathy and substantial aid in an effort to rid themselves of their ruinous vice, and to regain the confidence of friends and employers, which they had lost. His success in renewing his covenant with God, and the new and inspiring life which he was manifestly enjoying, had awakened in the breast of these unfortunate men, apparently one more throbbing hope.

But the work, on his human side, was disagreeable. He was subject to possible imposition from some of them, to the importunity of men beside themselves with the craving thirst of an inebriate. Some of them had been guilty of so many breaches of confidence, that so one would trust them with a position requiring responsibility. It was somewhat unpleasant to have them as companions in their abjectness of person and dress, and in view of the street reputation which they had acquired. There was, also, no inconsiderable expense involved in their care, even where there was every hope of permanent reformation. It required time to find positions for them, to awaken the confidence of former employers, money to secure food and clothing for them, and time to give counsel, sympathy, religious instructions and prayers.

He suddenly stopped, as one case after another presented itself to him, and said, "Am I to have all the miserable, intemperate printers of the city after me? Must I be burdened with all the wretchedness of these unhappy men, and have upon my hands all the anxiety of their moral and religious reformation and their temporal wants?" It was rather a startling work, as he thus summoned up all the possibilities before his mind, and remembered how, one after another, fresh cases had already presented themselves to him. But then, God had been eminently gracious to him. In many respects a wonderful work had been wrought in him. He owed everything to the Saviour who died for him. The possibility of his being able to do anything for others had been given him. He had noticed that just in proportion to the spiritual light and strength he had himself received, his field of service gradually opened before him. There was evidently a plan about it. Some higher mind was, without doubt, arranging the order of these events, and opening

these doors of service and sympathy before him. God certainly knew what he could do, what he ought to do, and what He wanted him to do, and was thus providentially signifying to him His will. With Christ strengthening him, he concluded he could meet all these responsibilities, and without giving himself anxiety in reference to possible burdens and disagreeable incidents, he resolved to go forward, doing, in every instance, what seemed to be made apparent to be his duty to a weak and tempted brother.

In this actual incident of very fresh occurrence we have an illustration of the real consecration on the part of Christian disciples, ministers and laymen, which is required at the present moment. Something more than protracted series of meetings—preaching, praying and praise services—are incident to a true revival of religion. Such a work is absorbing in its nature and imperative in its demand upon time and talent.

For the lack of a recognition of this fact, our seasons of religious interest are often of small profit to the Churches where they occur. If children are awakened, special, and the most delicate and continued, instruction and care are necessary for their nurture and establishment in grace and the divine life. Young converts of all ages are spiritual infants, and all infancy has a frail hold upon life. Only unremitting nursing and wholesome food will save it from premature death. If tempted persons, whose appetites have long been depraved, whose associations are low and unwholesome, and whose moral faculties have become weakened, present themselves, there is little hope of their ultimate perseverance, unless they can be won into new and redeeming social relations, and be constantly held by the hand and raised up in hours of unexpected temptation and natural reaction. A revival implies a world of labor of a special character. The study of the minister must be neglected for a time, for unceasing pastoral work, and Christian men of business must peremptorily set apart large portions of time, heretofore yielded to worldly pursuits, to the work of God. There will be much weary and discouraging service to be performed. The world does not welcome its Redeemer. Satan does not readily relax his hold, and when he does, he often leaves his victims in a helpless and despairing state. Our Lord had to heal diseases of the body as well as forgive sins; so it often occurs that temporal relief is required, and aid in securing an honorable livelihood as well as prayer for the pardon of a mispent life.

There is but the slightest hope of any permanent results to the religious temperance movement of the Tabernacle, and, indeed, throughout the land, unless Christian men and women permit their sympathies and aid to extend beyond the prayer circle. These men must be carefully held up for a space, be fairly started in their new life by the support of brotherly sympathy, and be heartily invited into the fellowship and social atmosphere of the Churches. They must not be despised. Some of the brightest minds of the day and the most effective Christian workers will be found among them. How singular and significant it is that they are the first to yield to the power of the revival. Christ moves now among men as in the days of His flesh. The publicans and sinners were the earliest penitents when He preached, and the first to receive His benedictions of His peace. If He goes before us and touches these hearts, they are evidently worth all our endeavor to save them. No evidence of our supreme love to Him will be more significant to heaven or earth than a hearty and willing consecration to any service incident to the salvation of the most hopeless men in their earthly condition. It is a direct service offered to Himself. "Ye did it unto Me."

LETTER FROM INDIA.

THE NEW EMPRESS.

There have already been descriptions, more or less correct, in the American papers, of the grand imperial assemblage held at Delhi, the ancient capital of the moguls, on the first of January last, when Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was proclaimed Empress of India. I shall not occupy your space in a vain attempt to portray that Oriental scene of unsurpassed splendor and stately pageantry. But a few words concerning the real significance of the event may not be unacceptable to the readers of the HERALD.

It will be remembered by some of them that, in 1858, just after the great meeting, Queen Victoria abolished the East India Company, which had so long held sway in this land, and took upon herself the direct administration of the government. But no addition was made at that time to her titles, notwithstanding this great accession to her power. For nearly twenty years she continued to govern India without any formal recognition of the fact in the phrase by which she was officially designated; and, what was of more importance, without having the precise relations between herself and the many native princes still ruling here, at all clearly defined. This state of things had already given rise to no little trouble and perplexity; and it was deemed a very fitting occasion, after the successful visit of the Prince of Wales last year had bound the two countries, England and India, in closer ties of acquaintanceship and interest, to remedy the long neglect. A bill was accordingly passed through Parliament, by the Queen's special request, empowering her to adopt the imperial style, Empress of India, *India Imperatrix*, or, as it is rendered in Hindustani,

Kaiser-i-Hind. The proclamation at Delhi was the formal State announcement of this fact, designed, by the magnificence and pomp with which it was attended, to make a profound and permanent impression upon the whole country and especially upon the ruling native chiefs thereof, who were there assembled to the number of seventy or more, to witness it.

It is with reference to these various native kings, maharajahs and other potentates with high-sounding titles of enormous length, some of whom have very extensive territories, large revenues, and great pride of long descent, that the new appellation of the Queen, as we have already intimated, has its main significance. "Empress" was chosen because, in the general understanding, that word carries with it the meaning of predominance over kings, and implies a sweep of sovereignty both in extent and character larger and higher than any other.

The appropriateness of it to the circumstances of the British dominion in this country, will be recognized by all who are familiar with them. The sway exercised by British officers here is to a great degree, of necessity, thoroughly autocratic. The masses of the people are not accustomed to, or prepared for, anything else. A beneficent system, under which they shall be slowly elevated and finally fitted for some nearer approach to self-government, is the best thing for them at present. And this England gives them. Her rule is, of course, not free from faults, nor from some very serious blemishes. But I see not how any candid critic, any tolerably unprejudiced on-looker, can say that, taking it for all in all, it is not an immense boon to the people. It gives them an administration of justice utterly foreign to the very conception of an ordinary Oriental sovereign. It commands profound peace through the length and breadth of this vast continent, which otherwise would be continually drenched with blood, and harassed with the fiercest of intestine wars. It does its best to open up the resources of the country by the extensive introduction of railways and telegraphs, the building of roads and bridges, the development of canals and forests. It suppresses such gigantic immoralities as widow-burning, infanticide, and other forms of religious murder. It alleviates the horrors of famine, labors at sanitary reform, encourages private beneficence, establishes universities, founds hospitals, and, in fine, brings the whole power of a high Christian civilization to bear on the vast problem of ameliorating the condition of the oppressed and impoverished millions of this land. No other country in the world could begin to do this great task so well as England does it. And though she sees to it that she is well paid for doing it, and makes a very handsome thing out of it for herself—too handsome considering the wretched condition of the masses who furnish the funds—still she is deserving of much credit for the able manner in which the work is done. India would be likely to pay just as much, perhaps more, under any other rule, and get less for her money.

The Delhi proclamation did not particularly affect the common people, did not increase or diminish their privileges. It was, altogether, an affair with the princes, designed to teach them distinctly their true relations with the paramount power of Britain, and to impress upon them the fact that their place was permanently and positively subordinate; that they were but feudatories, one and all, for whose interests it would be to maintain faithful allegiance. The whole ceremony was arranged to produce this effect, and there can be no question but that from this point of view it was a complete success. The native kings came trooping to Delhi at the summons, from far and near, at immense trouble and expense. No one dared to disobey, or be absent. Eucleticans in the European style were invented for them, and emblazoned on gorgeous banners, which were presented to them by the viceroy's own hand, with much impressiveness. In the matter of the salutes, too, which are the most prominent outward symbols of rank in this country, the great distinction between the Empress and all inferior rulers was made very conspicuous. The Queen's salute of 21 guns was raised to 101, to indicate the height of the new imperial dignity, and her viceroy's to 31, while the highest of the Indian potentates has only 21. Thus the immense difference will be recognized by the dullest chief, and will be constantly before him, beaten in upon his mind most emphatically by the boom of cannon, in a way to which he is most sensitive. No more can any of these high and mighty rajahs, swelling with pride and enveloped in conceit, affect to be on an equality with Victoria and her representatives, or cherish the idea that their powers are unchallengeable. By their presence and conduct at Delhi they have expressly acknowledged their acceptance of the foreign yoke. The grand sights and skillfully managed effects of the assemblage struck them with awe. The signs of the magnitude and solidity of British power met their eyes on every side. They felt themselves insignificant in the face of the array with which they were there confronted. And though it was a bitter pill for some of them to swallow, they did swallow it, and will be all the better for it.

The British power in India was probably never on a stronger, more enduring basis than it is to-day. That will come to an end sometime in the course of human events, is, of course, possible and even probable. But no human eye can at present behold any likelihood or desirability of it. Indian national unity, the only condition of

successful revolt or self government, is entirely out of the question, at least, for some ages to come. There is unity neither of language, race, nor religion. India is a continent made up of different and hostile nationalities, each nation being furthermore split into innumerable sects and classes warring with one another. They have no common interests. Supreme selfishness reigns. The native princes are all consumed with the most intense jealousy and envy of each other, while they are bound to the British government by very strong ties of interest. Under such circumstances, and so long as a large force of foreign troops is kept in the land, there can be no likelihood of essential change.

The present government is, I think, very generally liked, especially by those who have intelligence enough to appreciate its blessings. I cannot, perhaps, close this article more appropriately than by a quotation on this point from the *Hindoo Patriot*, confessedly the leading native journal of the country. Speaking of the imperial assemblage it says:—

"The coronation of Queen Victoria as the Empress of India, for the proclamation ceremony was nothing less, was the outward symbol and expression of the mighty power which England has planted in the East—a power not simply political, but eminently intellectual and moral. . . . It was native assistance, native co-operation, and native friendship, combined with the force of the English mind and English character, which secured the Indian empire for England. There are passages in the history of the rise and progress of British power in India, which do no credit to the Christian character of the English nation, but empires are founded more or less on force and fraud. Once taken, the territories which came under English sway were, however, brought so rapidly and effectually under the beneficent influence of English law, English institutions, and English justice, that the change where it was violent, speedily reconciled the people to their new masters. If the English empire in India is great, strong, and stable, its greatness, strength and stability are not due to brute force or to British bayonets, but to the innate sense of justice and magnanimity, which characterizes the English nation. There have certainly been instances from the path of rectitude in the British administration of India for a century and a quarter, but on the whole it has been just and beneficent. Long live the Empress of India!"

JAMES MUDGE.
Lucknow, February, 1877.

Editorial Items.

The Southern problem cannot be solved by a possible choice between an absolutely just and a positively evil course. A republican form of government does not admit of the short, sharp, positive administration of a personal or constitutional monarchy. The separate peoples of our many States must largely rule themselves. We are all disposed to watch against the encroachments of too strong a Federal government. No State is more resolute under Federal interference than Massachusetts. If the South had been held, after the war, as a conquered province under territorial governors, these serious questions might possibly have been sooner, and more safely and righteously, adjusted. But that hour is passed. It is doubtless well that it has; for a terrible Ireland would have been the result. The heroic administration of General Grant, with the presence of the insignificant skeleton of a Federal army in the late rebellious States, did not secure safety from constant acts of brutal and bloody violence, or the rights of the suffering wards of the country. At this moment the usurping State governments of South Carolina and Louisiana, and their corruptly supported by the tax payers and prominent citizens of these States. They are not, indeed, sustained by the voluntary suffrages of all their voters. The somewhat irregularly elected State officers, who now maintain their positions apparently by the color of law, have no means, without aid from the Federal government and treasury, either of holding upon their offices, or exercising adequate authority in enforcing their legislation, or of securing pecuniary support. Neither have they any power to defend the helpless black men whose voices plead the government in their hands. The revolutionary magistrates and legislators have both the sympathy and support of the financial, intellectual and social power of the States. They are under solemn and formal oaths especially to insure the civil and personal rights of the men of color. In justification of their pledges, and to secure the perpetuity of their administration, there are many selfish reasons urging the fulfillment of these promises. We hope they may be kept. We are by no means sanguine as to the result. But we cannot see how, in this exigency, any wiser course could be taken. The previous experiment has certainly failed. If the parties now in power, by the consent if not the force of a strong constituency, will secure safety to the person of the freedman and his white friends, before upon the former the opportunities for securing his children, encourage industry and the investment of Northern capital, it would require but a few years for the South to more than recover her lost wealth. But can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? With God and His providence nothing is impossible!

The Boston Wesleyan University Club held its annual meeting at the Revere House on Monday evening, April 9. The occasion was one of much interest, although there were not so many of the alumni of the immediate vicinity present as on some previous gatherings. It was arranged rather extensively, and many who would have been glad to have been there did not receive notice in season, or were detained by their Conference duties in Lynn. Seventy-two ladies, however, were occupied by the happy co-students and their friends. Mr. Rand, although narrowed in time to a very limited verge in making his arrangements, was out with a new and rich programme. There is never a failure, in any respect or any occasion, where he is master of ceremonies. President Foss was at his best. His admirable little speech, full of good sense and fresh wit, gave an excellent pitch to the speaking of the hour. His cheerful announcement of the handsome subscription of the New York East Conference brought a fine glow over the responsive audience. Dr. Lindsay, a president of the club, came near making a speech in spite of himself, and quickened the good humor of the evening with his amusing apology for not speaking. Bishop Haven spoke for Africa, his radiant head lit up by her golden sands, and never seemed earlier or happier, or more ready for brave

and earnest work for man however pale or tired. Boston University is always proud of her head, and had every reason to be so in Dr. Warren's fine response. A new poet of the class of '46 was developed on the occasion. Henry Baylies, esq., recited, in rattling rhymes, the memorable story still lingering about the halls of Wesleyan, of the sale of claims by "Steve and Joseph," all for the salvation of the periled college. The other speakers were Dr. Thayer, Upham, and Rice, and Collector Simmons, who happily illustrated the "civil service." Dr. Cummings, who was called for, but had retired of an early hour. The most remarkable features of the occasion were certain unearthly groans, sounding much like the famous "Moodus noises," near Middletown, which came from a telephone in the room, reporting the notes of an organ a mile away, in a very distinct if not melodious manner. Mr. Robinson of '65, an accomplished scholar in electricity, now engaged in placing telegraphic signals along our railroads, made a short and intelligent description of this new process of conveying sounds along telegraphic wires for long distances.

The tables were loaded and very handsomely set, as they always are at this popular house. The evening was only too short, and offered a delightful reunion to old friends bound together by one of the strongest of human ties. Dr. Cummings is the appointed president for next year, and by unanimous desire Mr. John Rand will act as toast master. We are glad to know that the new endowment of \$500,000 is slowly but constantly growing, while smaller contributions are meeting the temporary necessities of the university. When this indispensable point is gained, Wesleyan will be beyond the suffering limit, and will grow by a natural and certain annual accretion.

Our readers can form no idea of the violence of the published literature which that brave young man, Anthony Comstock, has brought to light during his residence of a few years past. He is an evidently practically called man, his peculiar work as is Mr. Moody. His life has not only been threatened by the miscreants whose awful business he has broken up, but attempted to be taken. He has seized, being empowered to do so as a special officer, tons of the poisonous papers, periodicals, pictures, books, and instruments, destroyed a number of manufactories, and secured the condemnation and imprisonment of the sympathizers and confederates engaged in the terrible traffic. No school, seminary, factory, or young lad or girl, is safe from solicitation through the post-office, or by secret agents. Some of the revelations of Mr. Comstock in reference to the spread of this vile stuff among students of both sexes are simply horrible. He is a man to be helped by the sympathy and contributions of all decent men and women. Aid is now asked in this city. We trust the circulars sent out will meet with a generous response.

What can have happened to the editor of the *Methodist*? He has, heretofore, exhibited an optimistic spirit. Everything has been lovely, especially at the South. But something has evidently happened to him. His equality seems to be thoroughly disturbed. He was first painfully moved because Mrs. Hayes happened to be a loyal Methodist and implicitly insisted upon attending the Church of her choice. He would much prefer to have had her worship with some other denomination. Now he seems to be running against the Methodist Discipline and the evident sanction of the New Testament. In his last paper, commenting upon Lent, he proceeds to say, with remarkable warmth for so minister whose tender heart is for the suffering, "We would much prefer to have had her worship with some other denomination. Now he seems to be running against the Methodist Discipline and the evident sanction of the New Testament. 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Died in Great Barrington, March 6th, pneumonia, Harry Hale Scott, aged 31 years, youngest son of Rev. Ethin Scott, of the New Hampshire Conference.

good news. Science and civilization cannot do this; indeed, do not propose to do this. The Bible is God's text-book for the Christian, and the Church alone carries the Bible.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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Sunday, April 29.
Lesson V. 2 Kings vi. 8-16.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

At each new glimpse of Elisha which the sacred narrative gives us, some strange and wonderful act reminds us that he is really the "man of God." One of the schools of the prophets, now in a flourishing condition, had outgrown its building; and by consent of Elisha, who had supervision of the interests of the young men who were preparing for the prophetic office, they planted a new structure on the bank of the river Jordan. During this work an axe was lost in the stream; but Elisha caused it to float to the surface again and to be restored, thus indicating that God's power and presence were with them in their enterprise. No undertaking is safe that has not God's support and sanction. Success is alone possible with Him as Helper. Secular work becomes sacred as God's blessing hallow it. The market-place is made holy when the mercy-seat is carried not only into its crowded precincts, but into the hearts of business men. All toil is ennobling that is in some sense the working out of Christian purposes. Every sorrow, and difficulty, and danger becomes a blessing when God stands by us to put, sweetness into the bitter draught, to take stumbling-blocks away with His own hand, and to be our Defense when the only song upon our lips is,—

"Other refuge have I none."

The king of Syria—Benhadad, whom a former lesson has introduced.

Took counsel with his servants—his staff-officers, or his cabinet; those whom he had about him as advisers.

In such and such a place shall be my camp. He is plotting for another war against Israel and is about to settle upon a base for the movement of his troops—an encampment. His attack at this time was a kind of guerrilla warfare, carried on by detachments of troops dashing by sudden incursions into the enemy's country. It is thought that the king of Syria was led to undertake this war because of the rebellion in Moab with which Jehoram was occupied.

The man of God sent unto the king of Israel. Elisha was an alert spy who kept himself posted as to the movements of Benhadad, and reported faithfully to Jehoram.

Beware that thou pass not such a place—the place that Benhadad had chosen for his camp, and which he would use for an ambush or fortification; for the Syrian army was already on the ground.

The king of Israel sent to the place, etc. "Forewarned is forearmed," and through the information that Elisha furnished, Jehoram was able to guard carefully the approaches that Benhadad was about to use, and hedged up his advance whenever attempted.

And saved himself there, not once nor twice. All the insidious plots which Benhadad had laid for ensnaring the king of Israel were in some way discovered and thwarted. Time after time this happened. It could not be mere fortune of war that favored Jehoram so constantly, and defeated the Syrians with such regularity, Benhadad thought.

The heart of the king of Syria was sore troubled, etc. He was confused. There was no solution for the mystery of his own defeats. He was filled with wrath and vexation.

Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel? Finally he resolved to see if there was treachery in his own camp. Perhaps there was some one of his trusted officers who was giving information to the enemy.

None, my lord, O king. The spokesman of the staff denied that any were implicated in such treachery.

But Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth. In some way the faithful servants of Benhadad had discovered that Elisha was a flying scout for Jehoram, and after watching every movement of the Syrian troops, reported promptly to his king, who was thus enabled to check every irroad of the guerrillas.

The words that thou speakest in thy bed chamber. They had heard of Elisha's wonderful gifts, and from the accuracy of the knowledge which had evidently been conveyed to Jehoram respecting Benhadad's secret plans, they concluded that this prophet who knew the transaction between Naaman and Gehazi without being an eye-witness, must now be able to read the thoughts of his king's enemy, and that thus Benhadad was betrayed, by the "man of God," by prophetic skill.

Go and spy where he is. Benhadad now resolved to capture Elisha if possible, and thus cut off Jehoram's knowledge of his movements. It is fair to suppose that the Syrian king had no bloody intent in this, against Elisha; for he had every reason to treat him with the greatest respect and courtesy, since Naaman's cure. But he wished to hold him in custody while making this war; for the prophet was of more consequence, even, than an army, if he could report so accurately upon the plans of the foe.

Behold, he is in Dothan—a place twelve miles north of Samaria, and "which has been discovered in our own times," still bearing its ancient name unimpaired.

Therefore sent he thither horses, etc. He fitted out a large detachment from his army, to surround the town of Do-

than and capture Elisha. What a picture! A large armed host going out against a defenceless, innocent prophet! To human eyes it would have looked like the finishing up of the prophet's career. In the night, probably, while Elisha slept, the whole circle of hills about his quiet town was filled with Syrian soldiers.

When the servant of the man of God was risen early—some disciple, who took the place of Gehazi. In the early dawn, as he was about his accustomed duties, he spied the troops in the outskirts of the town.

Alas! my master, how shall we do? He saw the situation at once, and felt how powerless they were against such a force. There seemed to him no possible escape from the hands of the enemy, and he felt disheartened.

Fear not! First, be brave! This is the first duty of every true heart in the presence of danger. Discouragement unnerves a man and makes defeat tenfold more sure. "Go on, sir; go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn, and shine with increased clearness on your path." These words, written upon the paper cover of his book, from D'Alembert, made Arago the first mathematical astronomer of his age. Elisha felt all the danger that his servant saw, but it only inspired him with new faith in God.

It is safe to assume that every difficulty or danger that we are called upon to encounter, by a divine Providence, is intended to develop and strengthen in us the noblest qualities. If we fail to be true to the heroic virtues at the crises of life, we fail utterly.

They that be with us are more than they that be with them. Elisha's clearer vision looked above the hills that bristled with Syrian swords, and saw another host. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" by our natural thoughts, or seen by our natural eyes. The Scriptures certainly give us assurance that our earth and air are not unfamiliar to angels and legions of angels.

There is a diminutive insect which possesses two pairs of eyes, so placed that when it floats on the surface of a pool, one pair is above and the other below the surface. All these eyes are designed to be used—the one pair to view things beneath the surface, and the other pair the things above it; the one looks for food, the other looks out for danger and for enjoyment. The two together fit the insect for its life on the dividing line between air and water (Crane). The Christian ought to have spiritual eyes as well as the physical, that he may recognize, although only in a limited way, two worlds.

I pray thee open his eyes. We do not understand why it was necessary that this servant should see the celestial hosts; but Elisha prayed that God would give him that finer sight which would enable him to see what his master saw.

The more spiritual our life becomes, the more refined in affection and thought, the more we see even in the physical world. As a man is excited, his field of vision is widened.

The Lord opened the eyes of the young man. Only God can do this. It is a miracle. Conversion is a supernatural work. When God gives eyes to see, it is easy to understand His Book, His Son, and a thousand spiritual truths which before meant nothing because they were not seen, "for they are spiritually discerned."

The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. Now the servant saw what Elisha had discovered first, that above the Syrian army and all around the enemy, were the legions of God, that appeared like an armament of fire.

When they came down to him—when the troops of Benhadad made their advance upon the town for the purpose of capturing the prophet.

Elisha prayed unto the Lord. He had no defense but God. He saw that the army of the skies was marshaled, and knew that God could deliver if He would.

Smite this people . . . with blindness. He did not wish to see a wholesale slaughter, but he wanted the enemy of Israel to know that Jehovah was greater than all armies, and could save His servant. He asked that they might not see to carry out their purpose.

He smote them with blindness. In some way, perhaps by a mental hallucination, they were fooled in their purpose. It seems more probable that a physical blindness is not meant, because the army was able to follow Elisha to Samaria. By God's help the army which was sent to capture one man was itself led captive by their intended victim. "How should one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up?"

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, April 20.

1. Who was the king of Syria?
2. Why did he wage war against Israel?
3. Did Elisha communicate with Jehoram about the enemy by reason of his prophetic insight, or simply as a keen observer and spy?
4. Where was Dothan?
5. What was the plan for capturing Elisha?
6. Tell the instances in the Scriptural record where legions of angels, or heavenly intelligences are mentioned.
7. Explain the "blindness" spoken of.

Hope is the ruddy morning of joy; recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—Richter.

The Family.

LOVER AND REFUGE.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
Sung a sweet and thoughtful child;
Sweetly sung it, soft and clear,
With a radiant face, and mild,
On a sunny summer day;
With a timid, simple cheer,
Winning from the eyes a tear,
Holding, charming every ear;
Sung, as sing the summer birds,
The immortal, simple words—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
Sung a maiden, young and fair,
And with more of thoughtfulness
Than the child with golden hair,
As she saw her need of help;
Sung, with burdens overpressed,
Longing for the sense of rest
That she had not in her breast;
Sung she, in her helplessness,
Sung she in her hopefulness,
Sung she in her hopefulness,
Sung she in her hopefulness,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
Sung a woman, weak and low,
Hardly knowing what to do,
Hardly knowing where to go,
As she helpless lay;
Kindly, Christian words were spoke,
Newer thoughts to life awoke,
Light upon her spirit broke,
Hope within her bosom sprung;
"Saved at last," she said and sung—
"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
Sung a weeping penitent,
Burdened with a sense of sin,
Ready, willing to repeat
As conscious came;

As the darkness disappeared,
As his blinded eyes were cleared
And, with changed affections, he
Sung his dying Lord could see,
Sung he, from himself set free,
"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

"Jesus, Lover of my soul"—
How the words my being fill!
How they sense and feeling thrill!
What a confidence inspire!

When the heart is bowed in prayer,
When the world looks dark and drear,
When my hopes give way to fear,
When my strength to weakness turns,
When my faith but feebly burns,
"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
Find, from every worldly snare,
Shelter in Thy loving care!

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MARY D. WELCOMBE.

[Continued.]

"One evening, when I was a child, I entered the parlor when our Unitarian minister, Mr. Madge, was convicting of error (and what he called idiosyncrasy) an Orthodox schoolmaster who happened to be our visitor. 'Look here,' said Mr. Madge, seizing three wine-glasses, and placing them in a row; 'here is the Father, here is the Son, and here is the Holy Ghost. Do you mean to tell me that those three glasses can be in any case one? 'Tis mere nonsense.' And so were children taught that it was 'mere nonsense.' I certainly wondered that so vast a majority of the people of Norwich could accept such nonsense, and so very few see through it as the Unitarians of the city; but there was no one to suggest to me that there might be more in the matter than we saw, or than our minister was aware of. This was pernicious enough, but far worse was the practice, necessarily universal among Unitarians, of taking any liberties they pleased with the revelation they profess to receive. It is true the Scriptures are very properly declared by them not to be the revelation itself, but the record of it; but it is only through the record that the revelation can be obtained—at least by Protestants, and any tampering with the record as operations upon the revelation itself. To appreciate the full effect of such a procedure, it is only necessary to look at what the Unitarians were doing in the days of my youth. They were issuing an 'improved version' in which considerable portions were set aside (printed in different type) as spurious. . . . Having begun to cut away and alter, there was no reason for stopping; and every Unitarian was at liberty to make the Scriptures mean what suited his own views. Mr. Belsham's Exposition of the Epistles is a remarkable phenomenon in this way. To get rid of some difficulties about heaven and hell, the end of the world, salvation and perdition, etc., he devised a set of figurative meanings which he applied with immense perseverance, and a poetical ingenuity remarkable in so thoroughly prosaic a man; and all the while it never seems to have occurred to him that that could hardly be a revelation designed for the rescue of the human race from perdition, the explanation of which required all this ingenuity at the hand of a Belsham, after eighteen centuries. I was as deeply interested a reader of those big volumes as any Unitarian in England; and their ingenuity gratified some of my faculties exceedingly; but there was throughout a haunting sense of unreality which made me uneasy—a consciousness that this kind of solemn amusement was no fitting treatment of the burdensome troubles of conscience, and the moral irritations which made the misery of my life. This theological disputation, and the music and poetry of psalms and hymns, charmed away my woes for the hour, but they were not the solid consolation I needed. So to work I went in my own way, again and again studying the New Testament—making 'harmonies,' poring over the geography,

greedily gathering up everything I could find in the way of commentary and elucidation, and gladly working myself into an enthusiasm with the moral beauty and spiritual promises I found in the Sacred Writings. I certainly never believed, more or less, in the 'essential doctrines' of Christianity which represent God as the predestinator of men to sin and perdition, and Christ as the rescuer from that doom. I never was more or less beguiled by the trickery of language, by which the perdition of man is made out to be justice, and his redemption to be mercy. I never suffered more or less from fear of hell. The Unitarianism of my parents saved me from that. But nothing would save me from the perplexity of finding so much of indisputable statements of these doctrines in the New Testament, nor from a covert sense that it was taking a monstrous liberty with the Gospel to pick and choose what made me happy, and reject what I did not like or would not receive. When I now find myself wondering at Unitarians who do so—who accept heaven and reject hell; who get rid somehow of the reign of Christ and the apostles on earth, and derive somehow a sanction of their fancy of a heaven in the stars, peopled with old acquaintance, and furnished for favorite pursuits—I try to recall the long series of years during which I did the same thing, with far more, certainly, of complacency than of misgiving. When I now see the comrades of my early days comfortably appropriating all the Christian promises without troubling themselves with the clearly-specified condition—of faith in Christ as a Redeemer—I remind myself that this is just what I did for more than the first half of my life. The marvel remains how they now, and I then, could possibly wonder at the stationary or declining fortunes of their sect—so evidently as Unitarianism is a mere clinging from association and habit, to the old privilege of faith in a divine revelation, under an actual forfeiture of all its essential conditions.

"My religious belief up to the age of twenty, was briefly this: I believed in a God, milder and more beneficent and passionless than the God of the Orthodox, inasmuch as He would not doom any of His creatures to eternal torment. I did not at any time, I think, believe in the devil, but understood the Scriptures to speak of sin under that name, and of eternal punishment under the name of eternal punishment. I believed in inestimable and eternal rewards of holiness, but I am confident that I never in my life did a right thing, or abstained from a wrong one, from any consideration of reward or punishment. The doctrine of forgiveness or repentance never availed me much, because forgiveness for the past was nothing without safety in the future; and my sins were not curable, I felt, by any single remission of their consequences—if such remission were possible. If I prayed and wept, and might hope that I was pardoned at night, it was small comfort because I knew I should be in a state of remorse again before the next noon. I do not remember when the forgiveness clause in the Lord's prayer was not a perplexity and a stumbling-block to me. . . . My belief in Christ was that he was the purest of all beings under God; and his sufferings for the sake of mankind made him as sublime in my view and affections as any being could possibly be. The Holy Ghost was a mere fiction to me. I took all the miracles for facts, and contrived to worship the letter of the Scriptures long after I had, as desired, given up portions as 'spurious,' 'interpolations,' and so forth. I believed in a future life as a continuation of the present, and not as a new method of existence; and from the time when I saw that the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul could not both be true (Why not? W.), I adhered to the former—after St. Paul. . . . By the help of public worship, and of sacred music, and Milton, and the Pilgrim's Progress, I found religion my best resource even in its first inconstant and unsatisfactory form, till I wrought my way to something better, as I shall tell by and by."

[To be continued.]

MY LITTLE DARLING.

BY R. M. K.

I always called her so, for no one could speak to Alice St. John without a caressing word. She was as lovely a child as ever blessed a mother's heart or caused a stranger to turn with involuntary admiration. It was not only the singular beauty of the child's face, but the remarkable sweetness of its expression which drew the attention of all. She was always clad in pure white, unrelieved by aught of color, and being usually in company with a lady in deep mourning, the effect was still more striking; and as the two, day by day, wandered off up the hills together, many were the surmises as to their relationship, for on the hotel register was written, "Mrs. Lorraine, Alice St. John, Louisville, Ky." Of course they might be mother and daughter, but the stately, dark-haired lady bore little resemblance to the sunny-haired child by her side.

I had often passed them up on the slopes together, and as often wished to know them; but there was an air of reserve about the lady which forbade my addressing her. She evidently did not care to make acquaintances, and it was only by an unforeseen incident that I became one. The little creature had bedecked herself with garlands of oak-leaves, and going to the lakeside to

view herself in the quiet waters, slipped and, would have fallen into the lake had she not grasped the bushes which fringed the edge. I heard her loud call, and running down quickly, rescued her from an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, position. After that I often met them, and it finally came to be an understood plan that I was to join them in their strolls.

Naturally fond of children, Alice soon became very dear to me, she was so winning in all her ways. I could have watched her face for hours—the fair, white forehead, and the cheeks so faintly tinged with rose; and looking at the dimpled chin I often hummed the words—

"Check or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?"

And then,—
"Not on the limb, O angel dear,
For the charm with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

And surely Alice St. John had the angel's seal. Not only in the dimpled chin, but in the floating, golden curls, the sweet mouth with that pensive expression which so saddens one to see in a young child, and most angelic of all, those great brown eyes, so deep, yet so limpid that one could almost see the soul looking forth. Ah, my darling! my darling! It seems strange that she should have taken so strong a hold upon my affections; but I was all alone in the world, just recovering from a great sorrow, and she stole into my heart unawares.

We had been at the Lawrence House all summer, but I knew very little about my friends save what the register told me, until one evening, as we sat out on the hillside—we two alone, for Alice had long been in dreamland—she told me this:

"Alice's father was a young American, who, while sojourning in London, saw her mother, then Miss Gordon and Mrs. Lorraine's cousin, riding in the park. Struck by her beautiful countenance, he sought and obtained an introduction. Then he loved her and asked her to become his wife; and soon the young husband brought his bride to America, going immediately to his home in Louisville. For a year they lived in perfect peace and happiness, and soon after the expiration of this year, Mrs. Lorraine, recently widowed, visited them. Then the little one came to gladden their hearts, and the cup of joy was full to the brim. The babe was named for its mother, and even then looked wondrously like her. 'My happiness is too great to last!' she exclaimed not two hours before she died," said Mrs. Lorraine.

Then there was a pause. At length she resumed: "I watched her ride away from the door looking so bright and happy by her husband's side. I saw her brought back dead. The horses took fright, became unmanageable, the carriage was overturned, and—and my poor little Alice was motherless at two months' old."

"And Mr. St. John," I said, "where is he?"
"He wandered the world over, and has never seen the child since that fatal day."

So our conversation ended. Two days after they left.

Mrs. Lorraine wrote to me frequently, and always came loving messages from Alice. At length Mrs. Lorraine began to speak of the child's health; she was not strong; then she was failing, but they hoped the spring-time would restore her waning strength. Finally they thought the New England air might do her good, and so they brought her on.

But, alas! where first I saw my little darling she faded away. We knelt by her bedside one beautiful June morning and watched her as she lay there so white and still. She had given loving words to all, and for some time had not spoken, when, suddenly opening her eyes, she said, "Tell papa that I have gone to meet mama, and that we shall wait for him together." That was all.

"She only crossed her little hands, she only looked more meek and fair! We parted back her silken hair. We wove the roses round her brow;—White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers,"

and then our darling was gone, and our hearts were desolate.

Up among the New Hampshire hills they laid her "under the daisies." O'neulines a strong man visits her grave at eventide, and as he wrestles with his agony, he recalls the words, "Tell papa that I am going to meet mama, and we shall wait for him together." Then in the soft twilight a holy peace and calm steals over him, and he murmurs, low and reverently, "Thy will be done!"

BOTH SIDES AND MORAL.

Little Tommy Sandford likes to read stories for children. Every paper he comes across undergoes a thorough search for them. He never fails to read them in the HERALD, while he keeps a sharp eye on the story departments of both the Independent and Christian Union, all of which his father takes. But what I am going to write about is that the stories don't always suit his fancy, or to use his own words, "they don't wind up right." It was only the other day that he came to his mother with the question, "Why don't they have real good stories—ones where the little folks have real nice times, an' nothing about 'em cryin', an'

their mamma don't have to whip 'em when she comes back?"
"Sure enough, Tommy, why don't they? You tell me."

Tommy didn't expect this sudden turn about, and so prepared himself to answer.

"Well, ma, the stories may be true, but why don't they have everything pleasant? If I was agoing to write a story, I would have the little folks laugh, an' play, an' have a nice time, an' there'd be no cryin' to make the one who reads it feel bad."

"Just so," said his mother, "but it don't always end that way. The person who writes a story is expected to tell what actually happens sometimes, and if stories always told of nice things and times where there was no crying or bad feeling, why, the stories would be all alike, and people would get tired of reading them. You know, yourself, Tommy, that you get cross sometimes, and fret and cry; so it wouldn't be right for stories to always talk about times with no crying or fretting."

Tommy understood this clear explanation, and asked his mother to explain something else.

"Ma," said he, "why do the stories end up with four or five lines at the bottom called a *morale*, is that it?"
"A *morale*," said she, "is the lesson which a story teaches. A *morale* is to a story what the Bible is to life. If you want to know what a story teaches, you glance at the *morale* and find out; so if you wish to know your duty or learn wisdom, you glance at the pages of the Bible. And, Tommy, a story could be called life, for a story tells of the nice things and the ill ones, and disappointments in life. So you see how necessary it is for stories to tell about both sides of life, to be true."

Since this explanation Tommy never neglected to read both sides of a story, as well as the *morale*, for he now understands the meaning of both.

A. L. P.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETINGS, NEW YORK.

Christ is sufficient to satisfy every need, and it is Christ we want and not joy or peace. If we "eat of the flesh of Christ and drink His blood," we need nothing else; but when we turn to other sources we fail. When the Jews were in the wilderness they were a mixed company, and they became discontented with the manna and wanted flesh. God gave it to them and they had the plague with the flesh. God put into the manna all the system needed, and Christ is all the soul needs. There are too many papers and books, and God's Word is not read enough. Hours are spent on the newspapers, and only moments on God's Word, and that is why there are so many lean Christians in the Churches. We must come out from the world—its theatres and dancing and fashions and vanities—if we would expect Christ to receive us. We must believe and obey.

Reproach and opposition tend to separate us from God. May God enable us to bear witness to the truth, cost what it may!

There is a marvelous contrast between the ideal of a holy life as presented in the New Testament, and the average experience; the one seems imported to order, while the other is God's pattern. The apostle had a glimpse of this wonderful life when he talked about the breadth, and length, and depth and height of this love, and to be filled with all the fullness of God. All cramping methods are over; the idea of the New Testament is large. It is God's purpose that we should grow and lean against Him as the vine leans on the trellis. He wants our affections to grow on and on till they run over heaven's walls and are filled with the fruits of righteousness. God sweeps away the fear of man, and of poverty, and of death as the sun sweeps away the morning mists, and make us free indeed.

The great secret of feebleness is the want of abiding in Christ. God will supply our needs and be our strength if we will only trust Him.

It is God's will that His people should be holy and conformed to the image of His Son. If there is sin in believers, and it cannot be denied, it is not because it is necessary, for God has given us a divine warrant to believe that we may be holy and serve Him without fear, in righteousness and holiness all the days of our lives. Anything that man puts between God's word and Christian character, he puts it there at the peril of his own soul and the souls of others, for it is written, "If any man shall take away from the words of the book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." God did not use words designed merely for the apostolic Church; the race is the same and our needs are the same. What does God say concerning you? If God tells all that are diseased with sin to go away and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" do it; but if God's Word says, "Come unto Me and I will cleanse you from all sin," believe it and come. The work is all God's from beginning to end. Jesus stands without the door of our hearts and wants to come in, but perhaps there is some hindering desire, some little trinket, or something that we can well do without that keeps the door from opening. Oh, for holiness! it is rest begun on earth.

The sin of unbelief in us is not to be pitied, as some suppose, but to be judged. If we do not believe God, we make Him a liar. Let us lay aside the sin of unbelief as definitely as the sin of lying, or swearing, or any other sin, for it is the greatest of all sins.

Know what you want when you go to God and ask definitely, and God never fails.

E. J. C.

AT NOON.

BY REV. J. H. BEALE.

Dark a cloud hangs o'er the sea,
The chilling east winds blow;
Each young sonneteer in the sea
Now seeks his shelter low.
For the storm hath round him drawn
Quick his cloak in martial haste,
Speeding with o'er field and lawn,
And o'er the mountain waste.

Misty flags fill all the sky,
And hide the smiling sun;
Swift as winged heralds fly
Precipitate the fray begun.
Fiercely howling in the gale,
Marches on the pelting rain,
Battling over hill and dale,
And o'er the surging main.

Fiercer still the storm clouds lower,
Like birds of sombre wing,
That from forest, tree and bower
A mournful exodus bring.
From the day where early sun
Brightly in the morning smiled,
Thus ere half his race was run,
Is hid by tempest wild.

Few and short are days of joy
Which come to us below;
Gold is mixed with base alloy,
And pleasure yields to woe.
So to live in godly fear,
Storms of earth may cloud our ways,
But still our Sun shines clear.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

GOD LOVES BAD CHILDREN.

"What kind of children does God love?" said a teacher one day to the children of a Sunday-school.

"Good children," "good children," was the answer from several voices.

The teacher was silent, and the scholars were perplexed to know what answer he desired them to give. Presently he said, "God loves bad children."

The children were surprised at this, and one little girl anxiously asked whether it was really true.

When she was assured that it was really true because it is written that "God loved the world," and in it "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," she burst into tears, and said,—

"I am so glad, then, for I am a bad child."

Thus the "Gospel of the grace of God" first dawned upon a little child, and melted a rebellious spirit into tenderness and tears.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

If it is true that for the greater number of us married life is the perfect life, it is equally true that for others of us the single life is the perfect life. In the case of men it is superfluous either to illustrate it by instances, or to support it by argument; especially when we remember that the solution of the question rests usually with themselves. As for unmarried women, what a dreary wilderness this earth would be without them! In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family, the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too unscrupulously use her; by sick-beds and death-beds a divine consolation; the depository of the sweet secrets of blushing hearts; the tender friend of the old, and the poor, and the lonely. Old maids, indeed! Why, when certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth, the calm and sweet light of the household that is so blessed as to own them; their distinction, to be wanted by everybody; their reward, to be useful to everybody; their home—the snugest, warmest place in the hearts that can love. And if they have a niche to fill on earth, as none can fill like them, many of them shall have a crown of surpassing brightness in heaven. Men, and women, too, sometimes keep single, not so much because no one cares for them, but because they themselves care for Christ, first and most. The chosen solitariness of an unmarried life is occasionally the sacrifice of self, secretly, but deliberately, laid at the feet of Him who pleases not Himself; and it has, and shall have, its great recompense. "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit." Presently she will find out, and others also, that the Lord has cared for her.—Sunday Magazine.

PLEASANTRIES.



Business Notices.
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to. The great principle in his system is: Discard the
use of all mineral medicines as not only
useless but dangerous.

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Diseases, free of charge; also by letter,
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Gas, Laryngoscope, Health Lift, Gymnas-
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Lung, Female, and Chronic Diseases, will be sent
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242

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EVERYBODY knows what a plaster is, but few

know as yet the greatly superior curative prop-
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are more effective than any other plaster in use,
and combine the great advantages of electricity with
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242

No Soap has ever met with such success as

"Beach's Washing Soap." It is daily made and
the increasing demand for it is the best proof that it has no equal.

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Money Letters from April 9 to 16.

A. P. Alden, H. H. Arnold, E. J. Bailey, H. S. Bridges,
A. H. Benson, A. W. Brown, H. Chase, S. D. Cham-
pney, O. Cole, T. P. Dyer, J. W. Davis, R. G. De-
Bancroft, F. H. Evans, W. T. Jewell, O. Kaler,
O. W. Kenney, C. E. Libbey, Rev. J. E. Lake, F. S.
Munroe, Mrs. M. H. Marshall, G. E. Marshall, R. L.
Reed, A. Stevens, Mrs. M. Smith, D. Stevenson,
D. M. C. Schell, H. M. Strickland, T. Stephenson,
S. Taylor, A. Tarbox, W. F. Whitney, T. Williams,
Mrs. L. M. Walker, D. Wall, H. D. Walker, G. Win-
slow.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Providence District, Mt. Zion, at Emman-
uel Church, Mansfield, Mass., June 4-6

Yarmouth Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-15

EASTERN CONFERENCES.

CONFERENCES, DATE, PLACE, BISHOP.

N. Hampshire, April 13, Dover, Peck.

Maine, " 25, Gardiner, Scott.

Vermont, " 26, Barre, Foster.

East Maine, May 2, Thompson, Scott.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

LYNN DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.

April—21, 22, Somerville, Unit. S. S.; 22, p. m.,
East St.; 22, eve., Broadway St.; 23, Morning,
Maine St.; 23, p. m., Lynn, South St.; 23, p. m., Bos-
ton St.; 24, eve., Trinity.

May—2, Lynn, St. Paul's; 4, East Saugus; 4,
Cliffdale; 4, 6, East Cambridge; 6, p. m., Cot-
tage St.; 6, 8, North Avenue; 6, Gloucester, Elm
St.; 8, Riverside; 10, Bay View; 11, Rockport; 12,
31, Monument Sq.; 13, p. m., Medford; 13, eve.,
Salem; 14, Woburn; 15, Winchester; 16, West
Medford; 16, 18, Woburn; 16, p. m., Melrose; 17,
West Chelmsford; 19, Gloucester; 24, Lowell,
Worthen St.; 26, 27, Weston; 27, p. m., Waltham;
28, eve., Watertown; 29, Lowell, St. Paul's; 30,
Lynn, Common St.; 31, Boston, St. James.

June—2, 4, Lowell, Central Ch.; 3, p. m., High-
land; 6, Swampscott; 7, Ipswich; 8, Essex; 9, 10,
Cambridge, Harvard St.; 10, p. m., Charlestown,
Trinity; 10, eve., West Somerville; 12, Topfield;
13, Tapscott; 15, Groveland; 16, 17, Peabody; 17,
eve., Beverly; 18, Newburyport, Washington St.;
20, do., Purchase St.; 20, 21, Melrose; 21, p. m.,
Salem, Wesley Chapel; 24, eve., do., Lafayette St.;
26, North Andover; 27, South Lawrence; 28, Bal-
lardvale; 29, July 1, Malden.

July—1, p. m., Melrose.

D. DOUGHERTY, P. E.

Malden, April 14, 1877.

WORCESTER DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.

April—East Douglas, 21 and 22; Whitinsville,
p. m.; 22, Uxbridge, eve.; 22, Trinity; 27, shrews-
bury, 28 and 29; N. E. Village, p. m.; 29, Milbury,
eve.; 29, Webster square, 30.

May—Webster, 5 and 6; Dudley, p. m.; 6, Oxford,
eve.; 6, Grace Church; 7, Cherry Valley, 1 o'clock
p. m.; 8, Laurel St., eve.; 8, Coral; 8, Leonard;
10, Ayer, 3 o'clock p. m.; 10, East Pepperell, eve.;
10, Townsend; 10, Lunenburg; 17, Fitchburg; 18,
Warren; 20, Ware, 26 and 27; West Warren, p. m.;
27, West Brookfield, eve.; 27, Wrentham, 2 o'clock p. m.;
28, Monson, eve.; 28, Brookfield; 29, North Brook-
field; 30, Spencer; 31.

June—Charlton, 2 o'clock p. m.; 1, Southbridge,
eve.; 1, Ashburnham; 4, Gardner; 4, Westford;
4, East Thompson; 7, South Roylston; 10, 1 o'clock
a. m.; 8, Athol, eve.; 8, Princeton; 18, Hub-
bardston; 19, Barre; 20, Oakdale; 21, Clinton; 22,
J. H. Caldwell.

N. B. The District Stewards will meet at Grace
Church, Worcester, May 7, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Medford, April 18, 1877.

J. H. CALLE.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FE-

MALE COLLEGE TRUSTEE MEETING.

A special meeting, for the transaction of any business
which may properly come before them, is called for
Friday of Conference week, April 27, at 2 o'clock
p. m., in the vestry of the Halpin Methodist
Church.

G. F. THORNTON.

LAY DELEGATES TO THE MAINE ANNUAL

CONFERENCE, FROM READFIELD DISTRICT.

—George Mitchell, Readfield; H. D. Thine, Mt.
Vernon; E. W. Harrison, Readfield; D. Golder,
Belgrade; J. Sanborn, Hallowell.

PARKER JACOB, P. E.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE—RAILROAD

AND STEAMBOAT ARRANGEMENTS.—The
Railroad and Steamboat named below will dis-
count one-half fare to all persons passing on them
to the Conference, and in the manner named:
The European and North American, Knox and Lincoln,
and Maine Central Railroads will sell excursion
tickets. Also, the steamers Katabisha and Cam-
bridge. Please ask for such tickets. When you
purchase tickets on steamers City of Richmond and
Levinson, state to the clerk that you are going to
the Conference, and a free ticket will be furnished
when you return. W. L. RAYMOND,
Bangor, Me., April 18.

MAINE CONFERENCE—RAILROAD NOTI-

CE.—The Maine Central Railroad, with its
branches, the Boston and Maine, and the G. and
Trunk, from Gorham, N. H., to Yarmouth, Me.,
will issue excursion tickets, to persons attending
the Conference, for one way. These tickets
will be good from April 20 to 30. The undersigned
will give return passes over the Portland and
Boston, and Portland and Ogdensburg R. R.'s,
to persons who pay full fare over their route on the
way to Conference. J. M. WOODBURY,
Ferry Village, March 29, 1877.

THE PREACHERS' AID SOCIETY OF THE

MAINE CONFERENCE will hold their annual
meeting in the M. E. Church, at Gardiner, April
25, at 4 o'clock p. m. Let there be a full attend-
ance. K. ATKINSON, Sec'y.

MAINE CONFERENCE.—The candidates for

Local Deacons will meet the Committee at the ves-
try of the M. E. Church, Gardiner, on Wednesday,
the 25th inst., at 1 o'clock p. m.

W. B. BARTLETT.

NOTICE.—The Annual Meeting of the Trustees

of the East Maine Conference will be held on
Wednesday, May 7, at 1 o'clock p. m., in the vestry
of the M. E. Church, at Gardiner, Me.

Orrington, April 12, 1877. A. CHURCH, Sec'y.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Candidates

for Admission on Trial are requested to meet the
Examining Committee at the M. E. Church, Thom-
aston, at 10 a. m., May 1.

C. F. ROSE.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Local

Deacons, who are to be examined for Eldership,
will please meet the Committee in the M. E.
Church, in Thomaston, May 1, at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. MORSE.

Marriages.

In the Church at Wells River, Vt., April 4, by
Rev. E. J. Ransom, Rev. J. H. H. of the N. H. Con-
ference, to Miss M. A. B. of the N. H. Con-
ference. In Bath, Me., Feb. 1, by Rev. L. H. Bean, Wendal
B. Wyman to Miss F. Bean, only daughter of
Rev. L. H. Bean, both of Bath, Me. In the Church
at Wells River, Vt., April 4, by Rev. E. J. Ransom,
E. J. Ransom, to Miss M. A. B. of the N. H. Con-
ference.

WHAT IS TRUE ECONOMY?

One definition of true economy is,
good management, or, the wise use of
money. By which a person obtains
the most benefit from a certain outlay of
money. If I buy a pair of boots for \$5,
and they last but a third as long as a
pair for which I pay \$10, the \$5 pair are
the dearest, and the pair which cost
the most are the most economical.
The same simple rule holds good regarding
dry goods, clothing, or almost any article
of universal wear or consumption.

A spirit of false economy has been
engendered during the period of "hard
times." For instance, people have been
led to purchase inferior food, fuel, hats,
boots, and other articles of clothing,
because they could get them for less
money than better articles would cost;
and thus they sacrificed real economy
to present convenience.

It is a shortsighted policy, however,
which manages only for present neces-
sities. A really economical, prudent
buyer of anything will look to the
amount of service it is likely to afford
him for the price he pays, and he recog-
nizes the truth of the maxim, "Pen-
ny-wise, pound-foolish."

Unhappily it is true that many are so
poor that when they purchase they are
compelled to purchase the very poorest
qualities of clothing or other goods;
because offered at the lowest prices; yet
in reality they pay more for what they
get than the middle and richest classes
pay for what they get, if the latter buy
sterling goods at fair prices.

A man who buys half a dozen flimsy
umbrellas a year, that split in the first
gale, and buys them because he gets
them at \$1.50 each, pays \$9 for what is
next to worthless; yet possibly he thinks
himself more economical than one who
pays \$4 for one good umbrella which
would outlast them all.

So, in the purchase of cloths and
clothing, there is much extravagance
in imaginary cheapness. Of late years
there have been and are now in vogue
inferior "woolen" fabrics, largely
mixed with cotton, shoddy, &c., to meet
the demand for "cheap" goods, and so
dexterously as to defy detection even
by experts. These spurious imitations
are only proved so by chemical test or
by their unsatisfactory service after be-
ing worn a short time. Such fabrics
remind us of the imitation butter called
"oleomargarine," and of many other
devices ingeniously contrived to meet
the cry of hard times. They recall the
moral of Franklin's story of "Look at
't other side, Jim!"

True economy will teach that what
costs the most at first is generally cheap-
est in the end. Thoughtful people
know this, and by making judicious
purchases, save themselves from re-
peated outlays for inferior goods; while
thoughtless people incur such vexatious
expenses, because fascinated by the low
prices at which such goods are offered.

The day of miracles has not yet ar-
rived, and tradesmen are pretty much
alike, in one respect, all the world over;
viz: they never give something for
nothing, and as a general rule, make
poor goods the penalty of poor prices.

Wherever there are cheap goods, there
are cheap people; there the trade in in-
ferior goods at "cheapest" rates will
flourish, because the dealer in such
goods makes rich profits from the large
amounts he sells to the indigent or un-
wary. But the buyers of such articles
have their pockets more largely de-
pleted, in the long run, than those more
fortunate citizens who are judges of the
quality of what they buy, and who, buy-
ing only superior goods at a fair price,
find them of a lasting and satisfactory
character.

While I recognize the facility and en-
terprise with which dealers in the low-
est-priced low grade goods in any trade
meet the demands of their especial cus-
tomers, I cannot but accord high credit
to that other class of tradesmen, whose
property and good name have been
won and maintained by the sale of ster-
ling goods which uniformly prove all
they are represented to be, and are sold
at only a fair advance upon their actual
cost. FRANKLIN.

—Commercial Bulletin.

[Continued from fifth page.]

Malden.—The Malden Sabbath-school

held its annual concert on Thursday even-
ing, April 12th. A full congregation was
in attendance. The editor of ZION'S HER-
ALD gave us one of his most entertaining
and instructive addresses, and the school
would like to engage him as its standing
speaker on such occasions. The children
performed their part in a manner creditable
to themselves and the school. The new
year opens with ten adults at the altar,
and a very precious religious interest among
the membership.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

APPOINTMENTS.

BOSTON DISTRICT.

DAVID SHERMAN, Presiding Elder.

Boston—Hanover Street, to be supplied;
Bromfield Street, W. F. Mallieu; Church
Street, J. W. Hamilton; Temple Street, E. B.
Merrell; Tremont Street, W. S. Studley;
Revere Street, to be supplied; Meridian
Street, John H. Mansfield; Sandoga Street,
W. R. Clark; Waltham Street, H. A. Clere-
land; Highlands, James W. Johnston;
Broadway and Boston Mission, Lewis B.
Bates; Dorchester Street, Jesse Wagner;
Mariner's Church, Cyrus L. Eastman;
Dorchester, David H. Ellis; Appleton
Church, to be supplied; Mattapan and Ros-
lindale, G. C. Osgood; Allston, W. G. Rich-
ardson; Ruggles Street, to be supplied;
Harrison Square, to be supplied; Wash-
ington Street, to be supplied; Jamaica Plain,
to be supplied; Washington Village, to be
supplied; Egmont Square, to be supplied;
Mount Pleasant, to be supplied; Scandina-
vian Mission, to be supplied; City Mission,
to be supplied; Chelsea—Walnut Street, P. K.
Stratton; Mount Bellingham, N. T. Wal-
shaker; Broadway, E. W. Virgin. Newton,
S. Jackson and A. Bayles. Newtonville, L.
R. Thayer. Auburndale, A. McKee and W.
McDonald. Upper Falls, W. J. Pom-
fret. Lower Falls, to be supplied. Brook-
line, to be supplied. Highlandville, W. Sil-
verthorn. Natick, F. Furber. Cohasset,
E. Hodge. Scovilleville, A. J. Hall. South
Framingham, to be supplied. Holliston, J.
Gill. Milford, G. F. Eaton. Mendon, to be
supplied. West Medway, W. N. Richard-
son. Upton, J. N. Short. Westborough,
Z. A. Mudge. Ashland, J. R. Cushing.
Hopkinton, E. S. Chase. Sudbury, N. Be-
nims. Maynard, A. C. Godfrey. Rockbottom,
G. R. Bent. Hudson, W. J. Hamilton.
Marblehead, N. B. Pak. Franklin, W. G.
Leonard. South Walpole, R. H. Howard.
Walpole, to be supplied. Norwood, to be
supplied. Dedham, C. H. Vinton. Hyde
Park, J. S. Whedon. Wollaston, to be
supplied. Quincy Point, to be supplied. West
Quincy, to be supplied. Winthrop, to be
supplied. Everett, E. F. King. Revere, J.
S. Day.

Wm. F. Warren, President of Boston Unit-
versity, member of Tremont Street Quar-
terly Conference. Luther T. Townsend, Pro-
fessor in School of Theology, member of
Bromfield Street Quarterly Conference.
Joseph Cummings, Professor in Wesleyan
University, member of Bromfield Street
Quarterly Conference. George Prentiss,
Professor in Wesleyan University, member
of Bromfield Street Quarterly Conference.
Bradford K. Pease, editor of ZION'S HER-
ALD, member of Newton Quarterly Con-
ference. Wm. Butler, Superintendent of Mis-
sions in Mexico, member of First Church
Boston Quarterly Conference. John W.
Butler, Missionary in Mexico, member of
Dorchester Street Boston Quarterly Con-
ference. James Porter, Secretary of American
Temperance Union, member of Bromfield
Street Quarterly Conference. John W. Da-
mian, Chaplain of City Institutions at Deer
Island, member of Winthrop Quarterly Con-
ference. Wesley O. Holway, Chaplain in
U. S. Navy, member of Broadway Street
Quarterly Conference. Samuel Kelly, Chap-
lain of National Sailors' Home, member of
Wollaston Quarterly Conference. Moseley
Dwight, Agent of Massachusetts Bible So-
ciety, member of Walnut Street Chelsea
Quarterly Conference.

LYNN DISTRICT.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Presiding Elder.

Lynn—Common Street, Charles D. Hills;
St. Paul's, Daniel Steele; South Street, Yar-
num A. Cooper; Maple Street, Loramus Crow-
ell; Boston Street, Charles S. Rogers; City
Mission (Trinity) Alonzo Sanderson. Bos-
ton—(B. H. District), Trinity, Alfred A.
Wright. Tremont Street, Joseph W.
Eph H. Mansfield; Monroe Mission, to be
supplied. Cambridge—Harvard Street, Wil-
liam E. Huntington; Trinity, George W.
Mansfield; North Avenue, Charles Young;
Cottage Street, supplied by J. Marshall Bar-
ker. Somerville—Union Square, John A.
Cass; East, James F. Meares; Broadway,
supplied by Duncan McGregor; West, sup-
plied by William F. Lowell. St. Paul's,
Merrill Hubbard; Worthen Street, Frank J.
Wagner; Central Church, M. B. Chapman;
Highlands, supplied by A. Gregory. Salem
—Lafayette Street, George L. Collier; Wes-
ley Chapel, William H. Merrell. Gloucester
—Elm Street, E. A. Titus; Riverside,
Walter Wilkie; Bay View, William Tull;
Newburyport—Washington Street,
William P. Ray; Purchase Street, George
Candlin. Malden, Daniel C. Knowles. Dor-
chester, J. R. Mapwood, Charles N. Smith.
Waltham, William W. Colburn. Water-
town, Thomas W. Bishop. Westport, George E.
Sanderson. Concord, Spencer O. Dyer.
Arlington, to be supplied. Winchester,
supplied by George H. Cheney. Woburn,
Charles H. Hanson. Chelsea, to be sup-
plied by J. E. Jubb. Graniteville, M. H.
A. Evans. Medford, T. Bertin Smith.
West Medford, Jarvis A. Ames. Melrose,
Isaac H. Packard. Stoneham, Charles W.
Wilden. Wakefield, Emory A. Howard.
Reading, Jeremiah L. Hanson. Ballardvale,
William Wignall. South Lawrence, Thomas
J. Abbott. North Andover, Thomas P.
Blackmer. Groveland, R. W. Allen. Es-
sex, William A. Nottage. Topsfield, S. L.
Rodgers. Tapscottville, G. Beckman. Pes-
body, Daniel Watt. Ipswich, Frederick
Woods. Essex, William Merrill. Beverly,
Arthur P. Adams. Rockport, William
A. Braman. Marblehead, J. A. Bartlett.
Swampscott, Wm. W. Hanson. Boston
Porter M. Vinton. Cliffdale, Albion O.
Hamilton. Nahant, J. W. Dearborn.
John W. Lindsay, Dean of College of Lib-
eral Arts, Boston University; member of
Boston Street, (Lynn) Quarterly Conference.
Aaron D. Sargent, Temperance Agent for
New England Conference; member of Mal-
den Quarterly Conference.

WORCESTER DISTRICT.

J. H. CALLE, Presiding Elder.

Worcester—Trinity Church, A. B. Ken-
dall; Laurel Street, Wm. Pentecost; Grace
Church, George S. Chadbourne; Webster
Square, V. M. Simon; Coral Street, Henry
D. Weston. Brookfield, F. G. Morris.
North Brookfield, J. M. Avann. West
Brookfield, to be supplied. Fitchburg,
Walter O. Knowles, G. W. H. Clark.
Fitchburg, Mission, to be supplied. Lec-
minster, M. Emory Wright. Clinton, W.
M. Ayers. Oakdale, L. A. Bosworth.
Shrewsbury, W. M. Hubbard. New En-
gland Village, to be supplied. Milbury,
W. H. Hatch. East Douglas, W. D.
Bridge. Whitinsville, E. A. Manning.
Uxbridge, to be supplied. Oxford, O. W.
Adams. Webster, S. B. Swenson. Dud-
ley, to be supplied. Southbridge, J. C.
Smith. Charlton, F. T. George. Cherry
Valley, J. W. Fulton. Spencer, D. Atkins.
Warren, F. Nichols. West Warren, J. S.
Barrows. Wales, John Noon. Monson,
Henry Lummis. Ware, John Peterson.
Barre and Hardwick, to be supplied. Hub-
bardston, J. J. Woodbury. Princeton, H.
Emerson. Athol, A. F. Herrie. South
Roylston and Philipston, to be supplied.
Winchendon, D. Richards. East Tem-
ple, F. M. Miller. Ashburnham, to be sup-
plied. Gardner, S. C. Carey. Lunenburg,

to be supplied. Townsend, J. W. Penn.
East Pepperell, A. Noon. Ayer, to be sup-
plied.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.

GEORGE WHITTAKER, Presiding Elder.

Springfield—Florence Street, William C.
High; State Street, John H. Twombly;
Trinity, Samuel F. Upham; Grace, Eben-
ezer A. Smith; West, Watson E. Knox.
Wilbraham—W. S. Perrie; S. Wilbraham
and Glendale, Jonathan Neal. Chicopee—
Edward S. Best; Chicopee Falls, Albert C.
Manson. Westfield—S. L. Gracey; West-
field West Parish, William S. Jagger.
Blandford—J. Wesley Cole; Blandford
North, supplied by Edward Day. Holyoke,
Charles A. Merrill. Southampton, Augus-
tus W. Mills. Easthampton, Edward R.
Thornike. Northampton, Albert Gould.
Florence, Raymond F. Holway. William-
burg, Henry Matthews. Conway, Ivis A.
Mesler. South Deerfield, Charles E. Seaver.
Greenfield, William Gordon. Turner's
Falls and Miller's Falls, supplied by C. R.
Sherman. Gill, supplied by C. N. Mer-
field. Bernardston, Ichabod Marcy. Ley-
den and East Coterline, William H. Adams.
Coleraine, Benjamin I. Johnston. Shel-
burne Falls and Backing, William J. Park-
inson. Heath, supplied by L. P. Frost.
Charlemont and Rowe, supplied by W. T.
Miller. Amherst, Edwin C. Ferguson.
Pelham, George E. Chapman. Hadley, to
be supplied. South Hadley Falls, Erastus
Burlingham. Ludlow Center, Nathaniel
H. Martin. Palmer, Charles F. Johnson.
Belchertown, John Capen. Bond's Village,
David K. Merrill. Enfield, J. Alphonse.
Day. North Dana and Dana, Edwin Hitch-
cock. North Prescott, supplied by G. W.
Buzell. South Athol, supplied by J. H.
Vinton. Orange and North New Salem,
William E. Dwight. East Longmeadow,
Joseph Scott. Feeding Hills, supplied by
J. W. Price. Southwick, supplied by F.
Bowler. Russell and Montgomery, Daniel
S. Coles. Chester, Increase B. Bigelow.
South Worthington, Lorenzo White. West
Worthington Circuit, to be supplied.
Nathaniel Fellows, Principal of Wesleyan
Academy, Wilbraham; member of Wilbra-
ham Quarterly Conference. Benjamin Gill,
Principal of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbra-
ham; member of Wilbraham Quarterly
Conference. J. Emory Round, Principal of
Baltimore Centenary Theological Seminary;
member of South Wilbraham Quarterly
Conference. William Rice, Chaplain of
Hamden County House of Correction;
member of Trinity Quarterly Conference.
Charles F. Rice, Tutor in Wesleyan Uni-
versity, Middletown, Conn., member of Trinity
Quarterly Conference. Hector Bronson,
District Superintendent of American Bible
Society for Eastern New York; member of
Trinity Quarterly Conference.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY.

The Providence Conference of the M. E.
Church convened in the M. E. Church in
New London, Conn., April 11, for the pur-
pose of holding its thirty-seventh annual
meeting. Bishop Purcell presiding. Religious
services were conducted by the Bishop, who
read from Acts xiii, commencing at the 17th
verse. After singing the 217th hymn, Rev. S.
Dr. Upham and J. H. Howson led in prayer.
The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was
then administered, the Presiding Elders of
the Conference assisting the Bishop.
Ninety-nine members responded to the
roll-call.

Dr. Talbot was re-elected secretary, with
the privilege of selecting his assistants.
The certificate of E. M.